

FIFTY CENTS

JULY 27, 1970

**ALASKA: Last Chance
for the Last Frontier**



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This is "The MacNab," Raeburn's famous portrait of the 12th Laird of the MacNab Clan, the one to which the makers of Dewar's "White Label" belong. Some of the whisky in Dewar's "White Label" continues to come from pot stills near Glendochart, home of the MacNab Clan since the 12th century.



Dewar House, Haymarket, London, S.W. 1, opened in 1908. Lots of interesting things here. Famous paintings like "The MacNab," and "Thin Red Line." The Chantry Bust of Sir Walter Scott. And the worn, bescribbled tavern table on which Robert Burns wrote many of his poems.



When John Dewar opened his shop he exemplified the virtues of the poor Scot of those days: grit, courage, thrift, plain living, honesty, a taste for hard work, and the vision to grasp a golden opportunity. For example, no one had yet dreamed of putting up Authentic Scotch Whisky in bottles. Here was an opportunity for John Dewar and he was quick to seize it. By the end of the century the annual output of Dewar's "White Label" had reached a million gallons.



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LETTERS

Thoughts on the Flag

Sir: Surprised as I am to find myself in agreement with The Rev. Billy Graham, I must concur with his contention that the flag [July 6] is much like the Queen of England. It is an anachronism. In an age where our greatest need is the development of a humanitarian, internationalist spirit of unity, many Americans identify with a chauvinistic symbol that not only separates them from compatriots but also from our brothers and sisters in other lands.

What makes the flag bad even worse is that the flag is becoming exclusively the property of a group that has abandoned the Constitution, especially the Bill of Rights, in an effort to "preserve democracy." Would those who founded this country have chosen a flag if they knew it would be used as a justification for beating up college students in New York?

JAMES L. CASSERLY

Princeton, N.J.

Sir: I love, honor and respect my father and mother, too, but I don't cremate them each time they happen to make contact with God's good earth. Why all the big panic about who wears star-studded trousers, red-and-white-striped bikinis, or displays flags superimposed with symbols of peace? Let us stand up for and preserve the ideals that this country and its flag represent, but please, let's not bow down and worship a piece of cloth as a false idol.

(MRS.) JAN MALLERY

Rancho Cordova, Calif.

Sir: It is probable that the most massive desecration of the U.S. flag takes place in the U.S. Post Office. Every 6¢ flag stamp that is used gets canceled.

ROSS FREEMAN

Urbana, Ill.

Sir: Consider this recent episode at Grand Bahama's Britannia pub, where barmaids fetchingly wear maxi-miniskirts fashioned from the Union Jack.

An American visitor, aghast at such wiggling disrespect, remonstrated to a retired Royal Navy commander. This very model of Britain's Establishment explained: "Our flag's not the Holy Grail; it's only a bit of cloth. In the services, when we've done with it, we put it to polishing boots or brass."

National maturity, sanity and compassion, we are again reminded, do not come readily. In our ubiquitous display and near deification of Old Glory, might we not unwittingly be borrowing a page from Hitlerian Germany? Respect, like love, cannot be dictated—or produced by fiat.

FREDERIC HENRY

Key Largo, Fla.

Sir: The original flag design called for a star and a stripe for each state admitted to the union. By 1818 there were 20 states in the union, and it became apparent that the continuous addition of smaller and smaller stripes would adversely affect the flag's appearance.

My great-grandfather, Captain Samuel Chester Reid, a naval hero who had distinguished himself in the War of 1812, was asked by Representative Peter H. Wendover of New York to suggest a plan for the flag that would meet with the approval of Congress. Captain Reid's simple suggestion to hold the stripes to 13 commemorating the original states, and

have a star for each state, was enacted into law on April 4, 1818.

The first flag, with 20 stars and 13 stripes, was made by Mrs. Reid in her home on Cherry Street in New York City. It was flown from the Capitol in Washington, D.C., on July 4, 1818, the date the flag law became effective.

EDWARD B. WELLS

St. Augustine, Fla.

Don't Color Us Green

Sir: Your attempt to put down the 1950s generation [June 29] as a bunch of selfish, unfeeling nonsensitives stuck in my craw.

I don't know what part of that generation you were in, but my group was in college, desperately trying to get good grades, and all the time wondering whether we would go to Korea (remember Korea?) or the Berlin Wall. We kept our mouths shut and worked, not because we were mindless robots but because we were not stupidly arrogant enough to think that we knew better than persons with 20 years more experience in the world.

But the ultimate insult is to state that we are envious of the present young generation. Of a generation so incredibly naive that it equates fornication with love, liberty with license, freedom with selfishness; a generation so irrationally hypocritical that it gets stoned on pot while decrying air pollution, screams "Get out of Viet Nam" while advocating arms for Israel, and expresses disgust with the profit-making Establishment while greedily wasting its parents' money on luxury items made by this Establishment; a generation so arrogantly self-centered that it has no belief in anything but what it sees, no respect for anything but what it wants, no responsibility toward anything but what it feels is "relevant" today, this minute.

Envious? Come on!

RICHARD F. OLES

Baltimore

Sir: On Tuesday I circulated a petition against the war in Viet Nam and later signed one against our local supermarket; on Thursday I listened to Simon and Garfunkel records while reading instructions for my self-cleaning oven; on Friday I read Dr. Spock's treatise on discipline in the morning, then checked his *Infant and Child Care* in the afternoon regarding the baby's rash; on Saturday night I discussed *Soul on Ice* with my baby sitter before going to a party where the only pot was the one my husband is developing.

Your Essay "The Silent Generation Revisited" expressed so eloquently this sense of "non-belonging." However, we may have one last chance to shake off our do-nothing label. By taking the best from both generations, perhaps we can provide our children with those values that will bring them happiness.

(MRS.) MARSHA Z. DOLLINGER

Cherry Hill, N.J.

Hickory-Dickory

Sir: As a longtime enthusiast for and avid collector of wristwatches that are more than merely functional, I smiled to see Dr. Dougherty's new addition: the Spiro Agnew Original [July 6].

I have but two qualms preventing me from rushing out this minute to purchase one: 1) its degree of accuracy seems ill-fated to be minimal; 2) its "tic-tic-tic"

would probably sound closer to "Dick-talk, Dick-talk, Dick-talk."

JIM BARTLEMAN

Richmond, Calif.

Sir: Let us have a Ted Kennedy wrist-watch, waterproof, of course. I'm sure Ethel would love one.

ROBERT B. VAN WEY

Toledo

A Price for Morality?

Sir: With regard to the Supreme Court decision to enlarge the grounds for the exemption of conscientious objectors [June 29], it seems to this reader quite proper that no man should be compelled to kill, or to abet killing, in violation of his moral code.

On the other hand, it seems equally proper that any man who willfully evades on this, or any other grounds, his obligation to hazard his life in his country's wars should not be allowed to vote or to run for any public office—should be, in fact, a perpetual minor. He might also be required to refund the entire cost of any education he has received at public expense. Morality should not come too cheaply. Society, too, has rights.

PETER H. PEEL

Los Angeles

The Interest Factor

Sir: Your story about campus antiwar attitudes [July 6] doesn't add up. Regarding the survey conducted by the Swarthmore psychologists, you tell us 1) that "pure self-interest was a relatively minor factor" in antiwar attitudes on campus, then you tell us 2) that fully one-third of the students polled "changed their career plans

MOVING?

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3. Then remove the belt. Your waist will already feel tighter and trimmer. Many have lost an inch or more the very first day.

as a result of the war—many aiming for draft-exempt occupations."

Please help me. I'm an old man and understanding TIME is about the only thing I still have going for me.

WINSTON BROADFOOT

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Stripping to Essentials

Sir: It's pretty sad that Freudians overlook the simple and common-sense answers in preference for the more intriguing unconscious motives. Instead of the analytical garbage (July 6), I'd rather accept the explanation that girls strip because they're exhibitionistic (just like men are voyeuristic), or that they love money enough to disrobe in public. Skipper's and McCaghy's interpretation reminds me of the standard Freudian explanation when the patient aggresses against the analyst: he's really angry at his parents. It's more likely it's the analyst he is mad at for being such an ass.

ROBERT SONE

Pittsburgh

Spirits in Store

Sir: The story of Rosemary Brown (July 6) should both enlarge and enrich the domain of spiritualism, which typically has concentrated upon exchanges with deities, family and friends. Possessed by past human greatness, Mrs. Brown may help to free spiritualism from such doctrinal and familial restrictions, help it attain a level more meaningful to modern man, who may be losing his gods and his sense of family but certainly not his human soul.

Mrs. Brown reminds us that great composers give us a store of embodied spirit by which we can never fail to be illumined as we seek to express the soul of music today in our way or theirs.

RICHARD WAND

Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir: Rosemary Brown sounds like one of the biggest put-ons to come along, and will probably make a fortune by bilking the public out of their hard-earned money through her chicanery!

Can she tell us, I wonder, what color eyes Chopin has?

KATHLEEN L. BRIGGS

Milwaukee

Elucidating the Lingo

Sir: In your review of *The Cheyenne Social Club* (June 29) you call Henry Fonda's phrase "I used to be a real cedar-breaker, but now I'm just bringing up the drags" an obscure Old-West metaphor. The way you quote it, it sure is.

A cedar-breaker is a brush-popper, a wild-cow hunter, a man who gets up into the canyons and thickets to root stubborn stock out of the rough country. It takes a man with rawhide ears and a horse that don't stop for nothin'. The drags (not dregs) are the cattle at the tail end of the drive, the sorefoots and the slowpokes, and "bringing up the drags" means riding slow at the tail end of the outfit, shoeing the laggards along, and it's not what you'd call a demanding job. What the phrase means, then, is that Harley (Fonda) used to be some punkins, but now he has run down considerable and like-

ly has some trouble holding up his end of the business.

WATSON PARKER

Associate Professor of (Western) History
Wisconsin State University
Oshkosh

Nothing's Too Bad

Sir: Confronted, for a change, with a genuinely outrageous parody of nothing in particular except moviemaking, TIME's critics are moved to be serious and emotional ("... an insult to intelligence, an affront to sensibility and an abomination to the eye") where only the usual good humor and honed satire could properly dismiss the movie from the attention of the serious moviegoer. The simple denunciation should be reserved for innocuous offenders; *Myra Breckinridge* deserves worse.

JAMES H. CLEMMER JR.

Clarksville, Tenn.

Matters to Ponder

Sir: In his letter about Mike Nichols' famous-name game (July 6), University of Wisconsin Professor Schnore failed to answer the sleeper question: When he tires of such nonsense, does Leo Schnore?

CARL THOMPSON

Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Sir: In these troubled times on Wall Street, will Merrill Lynch Pierce, Fenner and Smith?

CHARLES BURCK

Manhattan

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry R. Luce III



BIRNBAUM AT ALASKAN BUSH CABIN

To experience what Thoreau called "the tonic of wildness" and to prepare for reporting this week's cover story on Alaska, TIME's San Francisco Bureau Chief Jesse Birnbaum spent several days alone in a bush-country cabin twelve miles outside the village of Skwentna (pop. 12). In his wooded retreat, Birnbaum, a city-bred New Jerseyite, was reading by kerosene lamp when "suddenly the entire cabin began shaking. I grabbed the .30-30 Winchester that I had brought along, unlatched the door and peered out. A huge black bear was standing there upright—he must have been six feet tall and weighed 500 lbs.—pounding on the overhang with his front paws. I banged on a pot to scare him away. Nothing doing.

"I let go a blast into the night air with the rifle, but it didn't bother him a bit. I yelled, 'Go away, bear! Beat it! Scat!' I learned that 'scat' does not scare away bears. At last he moved away, so damned casually, following a moose trail into the woods." When the bear returned next evening to pound again on the cabin wall, Birnbaum heeded his *How to Stay Alive in the Woods* handbook, which advised speaking softly instead of shouting at wild creatures. He opened the door and pleaded: "Please go away, bear." The animal ambled off.

Birnbaum kept seeing "evil-looking" faces in the patterns of tree bark and in the threatening shadows of matted grass." But during his isolation he discovered that "solitude in a primitive environment awakens lost skills and sensibilities; it is why so many people come to Alaska. Despite my fear, I gradually begin to adapt to the surroundings," he reports. "I spend part of the day splitting firewood; it is satisfying

work. I keep thinking about that beautiful lake a mile away that my guide has told me about, where I can watch the animals water and hear the cry of the loon. Finally, I decide to stroll to the lake in the chill clear air of the evening, deliberately leaving my rifle in the cabin.

"Next day, plunging into an icy creek to bathe, I suddenly hear music running through my mind for the first time since I arrived. Taking my Melodica, a kind of keyboard mouth organ, I join the song of the bees while I bathe. Tonight I notice that the faces in the tree trunks no longer appear so grotesque. They even seem to be smiling. The more I give to this environment, the more I accept it."

Key reporting for the story was also done by Washington-based John Stacks. Expertise was contributed by Anchorage Reporter Joe Rychetnik, a Chicago-born newsman who left Oregon for Alaska eleven years ago after his big-game haunts were invaded by too many wild-shooting, heavy-drinking riflemen. Now he finds himself crowded again and guesses he will "either have to move out into the bush or get used to people—there are just too many." New York Correspondent Alan Anderson interviewed both U.S. and Canadian ecologists. The story was written by Philip Herrera, researched by Nancy Williams and edited by Robert Shnayerson.

The Cover: Drawing in pencil, ink and mixed-paint media by Stan Zagorski from a design by John Chandel.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
July 27, 1970 Vol. 96, No. 4

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Crossing the Poverty Line

In the 1960s, the war against poverty in America was not won, but there were some notable victories. According to U.S. Census Bureau figures released last week, as of 1969 the number of Americans classified as poor dropped to 24.3 million, down from 39.5 million in 1959. Among both whites and nonwhites, the amount of upward traffic across the poverty line—\$3,743 in annual income for a non-farm family of four, in 1969—was enormous. In 1959, 18.1% of white families were classified poor; in 1969, only 9.5%. The proportion of poor non-white families was also cut nearly in half—from 56.2% to 31.0%.

Moreover, the rate of improvement for blacks seems to be at least marginally greater than it is for whites. From 1968 to 1969, 5.3% of the black poor moved upward out of poverty, by the definition, while only 4% of poor whites crossed the line.

Brave New World

The kids in beads, tank tops and bells have been complaining for some time now that the square world has taken over their thing and commercialized it. Films about the revolutionary

young are pouring out of major Hollywood studios, while record companies, publishers and the fashion trade are also cashing in on Now. The latest development is that the squares who exploit the hip are in turn being exploited by the radicals. It is a logical development, considering the precedents: black militants have demanded their cut from church collections, and radical N.Y.U. students last spring captured the computer, demanding \$100,000 ransom to be used as Black Panther bail money.

The promoters of a three-day rock music festival on New York's Randall's Island last weekend found themselves agreeing to allow radical speakers platform time before each performance. They are also turning over an unannounced proportion of their proceeds to several diverse radical youth groups. Explained a spokesman for the promoters, Brave New World Productions Inc.: "The music business and producers must relate to politics and the youth culture."

Spending and Getting

On-camera, slides show statistics on interest rates and unemployment, with Richard Nixon smiling pleasantly against the background of the White House. A voice intones: "He's letting Agnew run wild... he said he had the secret plan to end the war."

Then a man shakes money out of a cookie jar, sticks it into an envelope addressed to Box 3456, Washington, D.C. "I've just got to do something," he mutters, and sends the money on its way.

On the old business theory that you have to spend

money to make money, the debt-ridden Democratic National Committee—still \$9,000,000 in hock from the 1968 campaign—is springing for \$75,000 worth of television commercials, radio spots and newspaper ads to appeal for contributions. The rule of thumb is that \$1 worth of advertising brings a return of \$1.80 (though Senator George McGovern got \$475,000 for his \$70,000 investment in an anti-war TV appeal). The basic theme: "You don't have to wait until 1972 to vote against Richard Nixon." Things could get a bit catchier—perhaps DEMOCRATS GIVE YOUR LAND SEX APPEAL or IS IT TRUE THAT DEMOCRATS HAVE MORE FUN?

Spare That Tree

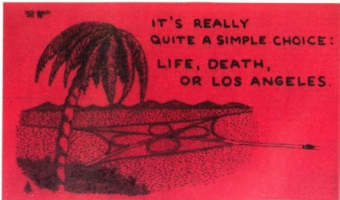
New York City's Parks Department had a problem: tree thieves. One night somebody pinched 80 rhododendrons along upper Fifth Avenue; last year thieves dug up and hauled away more than \$55,000 worth of newly planted shrubs and trees. Now the Parks people rig each new planting with a chain shackled to a stake. The stake is dropped into the hole and turned horizontally. Then the plant roots are arranged around the stake, the hole is filled and the entire gadget concealed with earth. The Parks Department claims it has foiled at least one would-be thief. Workmen in Central Park recently found a plant with all the dirt dug out around its roots, but still firmly anchored to its stake.

Counting Californians

Not so fast there, Sacramento. Last December, California announced its population had reached 20 million. Now it seems that some of those births were premature. Preliminary counts for the 1970 census put the figure as of April 1 at only 19,750,000. Many Californians, fed up with the problems of mushrooming growth, are far from unhappy. When Los Angeles Times Columnist Art Seidenbaum called for a "Lesser Los Angeles," with limits on the city's growth, he won an overwhelmingly favorable reception. One correspondent wrote him: "Let's hope your idea isn't ten years too late."



MUSIC FANS ON RANDALL'S ISLAND



CALIFORNIA POP POSTCARD

A new kind of accommodation in the East, a shortfall in the West.



PRESIDENT NIXON AT THE ALL-STAR GAME

"The Idea Is to Cool It a Little"

IN much of the land it seems a time to forget, and even to forgive. People still speak of the dog days, as they did in more innocent years when the "long hot summer" had not yet assumed ominous overtones. Always barring some sudden eruption, the U.S. is once again in an estival moment of lassitude and languishing spirits. Classic enmities and provincial disputes seem to blur in the sweltering July sun. Pitcher Denny McLain is back in Tiger Stadium. Richard Nixon played host last week to a reunion of his Whittier College class of '34. Leigh Steinberg, the moderate new student-body president at protest-prone Berkeley, said he opposes the Viet Nam War but that most of his fellows are "sick of confrontation." The *Columbia News*, a rural Georgia weekly, observed: "As long as there have been sweaty, hot summers, there have been cases of the blahs. We all get them, but somehow they seem worse this year."

There is a sense of anticlimax after the disturbing events of spring. The Nixon Administration has matched the national mood: the President and his people are trying to conciliate American differences and lower the rhetorical temperature of the Administration.

Says one Nixon staffer: "The idea is to cool it a little. The idea is to avoid anything that somebody can blame on the Administration, to dissipate some of the discord. But I don't detect any basically different approach that means anything terribly significant—just a tone where the President would hope his leadership is followed."

Spiro Agnew, the Administration's

house curmudgeon, opened his office to newsmen and television cameras, beaming broadly as he gave his blessing to products meant to spoof him—Spiro Agnew T shirts, Spiro Agnew watches modeled on the Mickey Mouse design (*TIME*, July 6). Instead of fuming, Agnew co-opted the satire: advance payments and royalties from the manufacturers will go to a charity supporting American Indian children and to an organization of families of American servicemen taken prisoner or missing in Southeast Asia. "The real reason I'm here," Agnew joked on the *Tonight Show*, "is that the other night I saw Mickey Mouse on television, and I'm here to ask for equal time." Agnew is getting plenty of equal time: he wrote a piece recently for the *New York Times* editorial page, and this fall he may fill in for Paul Harvey on the conservative commentator's radio show.

Bellucose Face. As it turns out, Agnew has good reason to project a new image of mellowness. *TIME* Correspondent Hays Gorey, who has traveled widely around the U.S. in recent weeks, concludes that in many parts of the country even conservative Republicans, including numerous candidates who acknowledge that Agnew is a fantastically successful party fund raiser, openly express their view that any further extension of the Agnew polemics will hurt the party rather than help it. "There is now a widespread feeling," Gorey reports, "that no one is all right and no one all wrong. There is a new willingness to admit that the other guy has a point and that name-calling only makes things worse."

There were other signs within the Administration, other marks of recognition that a blustering tone in matters foreign and domestic might have outlived its usefulness. Secretary of State William Rogers made it known that he feels the Administration put too bellicose a face on its Cambodian incursion (see box, following page). The most refreshing turn-around came from Attorney General John Mitchell, who held his first press conference in a year and came across with a display of wit and charm that belied his longstanding tough-guy persona.

Getting Through. The new John Mitchell was well aware that he was performing new tricks. "If there has been any change of tone," he said, "it has been in the recognition that what we have been saying in the Department of Justice and other parts of the Government has not been getting through to the students on the campuses." He vowed to press hard for the 18-year-old vote. Two weeks before, he made a civil libertarian's plea to the Texas bar association: "Given our times, we cannot expect political demonstrations to be conducted like prayer meetings. We must expect language that may incite hostility or may be obscene. This is because the First Amendment protects all of us, including men and women who choose to be unruly, unreasonable and impolite."

The President, landing in 90°-plus heat at Louisville's Standiford Field, headed right for the fence in a style reminiscent of Lyndon Johnson, plunging into the crowd with genuine enthusiasm. "I always like to come back to the heart of America," he exulted over a borrowed bullhorn. At the All-Star game in Cincinnati, he fulfilled a fan's fantasy straight from George Plimpton's



VICE PRESIDENT AGNEW WITH T SHIRT
Equal time with Mickey Mouse.

Out of My League: he pitched two clean strikes, one to each of the two major league team captains, and then cheerfully tossed three more baseballs up into the stands. Just before game time he predicted a National League victory; after twelve innings he was proved right by a 5-4 score.

Northeast Philosophy. It is the season not for bombast but for baseball, and Richard Nixon knows it as well as the undershirted beer drinker stashed before his television set second-guessing the Sunday doubleheader. Jim Westover, who handles a nightly four-hour telephone talk show on WEEI radio in Boston, describes his recent callers this way: "They're awfully sick of the big issues. They just love to talk of something simple and homespun and amusing and highly inconsequential."

All passion is not spent, only suspended. After noting the phenomenon of the blahs, *The Columbia News* went on to observe: "It seems Middle America is taking a breather in its fight against war, the hippies and the

economy to gain some strength for perhaps an all-out assault this fall." The nation's vacationing students appear ready to try one last time to work within the system for reform, but if they lose in November, the old story of violent unrest may well unrelent. The Administration's moves to end dual school systems in the South have muted some criticism from blacks, but angered some former Nixon supporters. Last week South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond, once a defender of Richard Nixon against the Wallaceites, accused the President of following a "Northeast philosophy." Said he: "I can only conclude that a group of liberal advisers around the President are misleading him, and that their advice will bring disruption to the nation."

Ultimately, the question is whether the time of the blahs, of exhaustion with the great issues of the anguished day, will end in a sorely needed new era of good feeling—or whether it is merely prelude to one more groggy round of national crisis.

And Now, a Few Words from The Secretary of State . . .

IN the execution of U.S. foreign policy, the distance between William Rogers' State Department suite and Henry Kissinger's White House corner sometimes seems great enough to require its own hot line. One recent example of their divergent tactics, in fact, ended in a cable the Secretary of State received while he was still on a Far Eastern tour. Uncharacteristically apologetic, the President's National Security Affairs Adviser recalled his remark to the effect that the U.S. ought to "expel" Russian troops from the Middle East. That remark, cabled Kissinger, had been unfortunate.

Last week it was Rogers who had to take a step back, this time over Indochina. Early last week, in an interview, he warned that the Cambodian invasion had brought the Indochina action no closer to a negotiated end. His view clashed with that of the President, who told a television audience that while "only time will tell," he believed that the invasion would speed productive talks.

On Wednesday, Rogers appeared to bring himself at least parallel to the Nixon line. In a press conference, he declared: "I think that probably the prospects for the next couple of months are not too bright. I do think that the prospects in the long run are still good." He also said that the invasion, by speeding Vietnamization of the war, "does increase the probabilities that the enemy, somewhere along the line, will negotiate."

The Administration's apparent schizofrenia over Indochinese strategy followed a similar display over Middle East tactics. It was while Rogers' fresh call for a settlement was still being considered by Egypt's Nasser and his Soviet patrons that Kissinger made his reference to a possible need to "expel" Russian troops. And the President on TV deliberately brought up the Middle East to castigate "aggressive" Arab nations who "want to drive Israel into the sea."

Rogers is known to feel that such bellicose public posturing lessens rather than enhances chances for successful talks; as a lawyer and highly skilled negotiator, he knows that settlements often come quickest when the other party is not made to feel weak by being shoved against the wall. He believes that, because the Egyptians now feel more confident, they might conceivably be more disposed to negotiate. He also believes that the Russians harbor the same suspicions against the U.S. that the U.S. harbors against them—but that the Russians really want some kind of Middle East settlement. Even if the President cannot proceed on that assumption, Rogers feels that there is no need to talk publicly of the steps the U.S. is taking—and that occasionally there has been too much talk at San Clemente. Despite last week's partial recantation, Rogers does not buy the theory that Hanoi will be willing to talk because the tide is turning against it.

THE WHITE HOUSE Charles & Anne & David

& Julie & Tricia

The prince was indeed charming and the princess was—well, at best, tired. Washington, betraying its social insecurity, was thrown into a tremulous tizzy by the three-day visit of Britain's Charles and Anne. As newsmen pursued the young royal pair through a wearing round of sightseeing, cruising, picnicking and dancing, the prince's equerry, David Checketts, at one point demanded: "Let's have a little dignity." He posted the princess' lady-in-waiting in a doorway to block reporters. After a hectic day, the shapely Anne was asked how she and her brother had liked their first glimpse of the U.S. "I don't give interviews," she replied. Reporters turned to David Eisenhower, who, with his wife Julie and Tricia Nixon, was the eager host. "The prince," David said, "is having a grand time."

So he was. Wearing a blue shirt and chinos for an outing with 18 young friends of Tricia, David and Julie at Camp David, where there was no pomp amid rustic circumstance, Charles expertly potted three doubles in a row at skeet. "He's great," said the admiring David. Atop the 555-ft. Washington Monument, Charles was exhilarated by the view of the capital under a full summer moon and impulsively suggested: "Let's walk down." While Anne determinedly led Tricia and Julie toward the elevator, the prince, one hand tucked jauntily in a pocket, paced David down the 898



CHARLES, JULIE, TRICIA & DAVID AT WHITE HOUSE
Twittering past 2 in a fairyland setting.

steps. At the Lincoln Memorial, Charles stopped to talk to an English couple in a crowd, asked puckerily: "Do the Americans treat you well?" He was fascinated at the Smithsonian Institution by Charles Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis*, and mused, like thousands of non-royal tourists before him: "That's strange—he just had that tiny window."

Flag Gaffe. While Charles retained his princely cool, a personable, polished blend of animation and decorum, Anne was alternately aloof, bored, alert and quizzical, as befits her highly independent character. Aboard the sluggish presidential yacht *Sequoia*, which can do only nine knots—and whose crew made the colossal gaffe of flying the Union Jack upside down—she asked to transfer to a 60-m.p.h. Coast Guard launch for the Potomac cruise to Mount Vernon. At the Smithsonian, she was intrigued by the astronaut space suits, and asked U.S. Moonman Neil Armstrong: "Is there a danger of a rip?" Replied the relaxed Armstrong: "The difference between eternity and life is about one one-hundredth of an inch of rubber."

On a tour of Capitol Hill, Senator Hugh Scott reminded Charles that a Dolley Madison mirror hanging in Vice President Spiro Agnew's ceremonial office was from the days "when your ancestors burned the White House," and South Carolina's Strom Thurmond gave the prince his senatorial calling card. Anne perked up briefly to offer the undiplomatic, yet reasonable observation that the bald eagle was "rather a bad choice" as the American national symbol. The royal pair asked why it had been selected, and none of their escorts, who included House Speaker John McCormack and House Minority Leader Gerald Ford, could offer an explanation.^{*} The three girls later slipped away, at Anne's request, for an unscheduled trip to Washington's ghetto area.

Various Partners. The apogee of the visit came as a dazzling moon set the South Lawn as shimmer for 564 young people, who danced on a 40-ft. by 40-ft. floor and sat ten at a table to dine. The guests, all between the ages

of 21 and 30, were almost entirely the offspring of politicians and diplomats. To the strains of *Stars Fell on Alabama*, the future King led Tricia onto the floor for one of several sedate rounds. The beat alternated between the pedestrian smoothness of the Marine Band and the jolting rock of The Guess Who, a Canadian group that has made a hit out of their anti-war, anti-U.S. song, *American Woman*. Anne and Tricia danced on with various partners well past the 2:15 a.m. departure of David, Julie and Charles. Earlier, unnoticed and in keeping with his welcoming promise that he would "get out of sight so you will feel com-

WALTER DENNETT



ANNE ON SOUTH LAWN
The princess wouldn't say.

pletely at home," President Nixon sat proudly with Pat on a darkened balcony and watched the youngsters twirl and whirl in the fairyland setting below.

OPINION

Pettifoggery Bottom

"I know them verie well," William Bullen wrote in the late 16th century: "they are two Pettifoggers in the Lawe." Pettifoggery has come to mean legal chicanery, and last week a Senate subcommittee consultant used the word to describe a weakness of U.S. negotiators in dealing with Communist powers. Dr. Fred Charles Iklé, head of social science at the Rand Corp., argued that U.S. diplomats tend to get lost in tactical detail unrelated to their basic aims. He added: "A great many capable officials are then forced to labor intensively on these details like pettifogging lawyers." Dr. Iklé also observed that American negotiators give "excessive attention to ephemeral rhetoric," often "succumbing to semantic infiltration."

POLITICS

The President's Candidates

The U.S. Senate is President Nixon's domestic Cambodia, providing privileged sanctuary to an aggressive band of tormentors. But the Senate's border is vulnerable every two years on election day, and looking to Nov. 3 Nixon is fashioning an attack unmatched by modern Presidents.

If his assault succeeds, he will change the view he now sees when he looks east from the White House to the Capitol: a Senate that is too liberal for his taste and his plans. It has handed him two humiliating defeats on Supreme Court nominations, challenged his prerogatives in Cambodia and permitted him a one-vote victory on the anti-ballistic missile issue.

Personal Line-Up. Nixon's aim is to engineer a Republican takeover of the Senate, now 57-43 Democratic. Although history is against him, since the President's party almost always loses seats in off-year elections, few Presidents facing an opposition Congress have had a better opportunity. Of the 35 seats up for election, 25 are now held by Democrats, and Nixon needs a net gain of seven for the G.O.P. to take control. To achieve his goal, he has personally put together a line-up of nine candidates, eight of them House Republicans, to run for the Senate. The President's men and their prospects:

- Tennessee's William Brock III, 39, heir to a candy fortune, is favored to defeat incumbent Albert Gore, one of Nixon's leading critics on the Viet Nam War. Brock faces an August primary but is expected to have no trouble.
- Texas' George Bush, 46, son of former Connecticut Senator Prescott Bush, is an even bet to defeat Lloyd Bentsen for the seat that Liberal Ralph Yarborough lost in the Democratic primary in May.
- Minnesota's Clark MacGregor, 48, an able, articulate campaigner, faces a long uphill battle to thwart Hubert Humphrey's return to the Senate. They are competing for the seat Eugene McCarthy abandoned. Both have minor primary opposition.
- Utah's Laurence Burton, 43, who first came to Congress as a legislative assistant, trails Incumbent Frank Moss.
- Wyoming's John Wold, 53, long a party stalwart, may get enough help from a third-party peace candidate to unseat Gale McGee, the Democratic incumbent who is generally a liberal but a consistent supporter of the war. Wold faces insignificant primary opposition.
- Delaware's William V. Roth Jr., 49, once head of the state's G.O.P. organization, is regarded as certain to defeat state legislator Jacob Zimmerman for the seat being vacated by Republican John J. Williams.
- North Dakota's Thomas S. Kleppe, 51, who lost a Senate race in 1964, is trailing Incumbent Quentin Burdick.
- Florida's William Cramer, 47, who

^{*} Long a military emblem, the eagle was adopted by Congress in 1782, partly at the urging of George Washington, who admired its association with courage, freedom, power and immortality. It was opposed by Benjamin Franklin, who complained that the eagle is "a bird of bad moral character; like those among men who live by sharpening and robbing. He is generally poor and often very lousy." Franklin preferred the turkey.

in 1954 became the first Republican House member from his state since the Reconstruction, is now in a tough primary battle with George Harrold Carswell, Nixon's rejected Supreme Court nominee. The winner's Democratic opponent will be chosen in a September primary. The election is for the seat of retiring Democrat Spessard Holland.

► Nevada's William Raggio, 43, Washoe county district attorney, is trailing—but not by much—Incumbent Howard Cannon. Raggio, who also faces a lightly regarded primary opponent, is the only one of Nixon's starting nine who is not now a House member.

Not surprisingly, the President's men share something with the Richard Nixon of 1950, who left the House to seek a Senate seat: they are relatively young, aggressive, thoroughly partisan and largely conservative, and they have the reputation of being able legislators and attractive candidates. If they win, they will probably vote with the President at least as consistently as the Democratic liberals have voted against him. To help them, Nixon has become more personally and deeply involved in a congressional campaign than any White House occupant in memory.

Dispatched. To begin with, he has helped some candidates even while they faced primary opposition, despite the traditional presidential disclaimers of interference. He has himself searched out and persuaded his men, when persuading was needed, that they should not cling to a safe House seat and duck the challenge of a Senate race. "I did it myself," he told Burton, "and you can see what happened to me."

The President has also dispatched Spiro Agnew on successful fund-raising trips for his men in Minnesota and Texas. The TV impresario who packaged Nixon's successful election campaign two years ago, Harry Teleaven, is now heavily involved in the campaigns of Bush, Brock, Kleppe and Cramer. In addition, Nixon's two resident political lieutenants, South Carolina's Harry Dent and longtime California Aide Murray Chotiner, hold frequent strategy sessions with the President's candidates, conveying the President's considerable political wisdom as well as their own. The President also keeps an eye on detail. He has discussed with MacGregor the type of TV tapes they could make together and tipped him to a weakness Nixon thinks Humphrey displayed in 1968. "Hubert has a tendency to say

one thing to one audience, the opposite to another. Watch that," Nixon told MacGregor.

Job Offer. The extent of Nixon's involvement in the Senate battle is nowhere more evident than in two cases where he failed to get the candidate he wanted. In Massachusetts, to run against Ted Kennedy, it was Representative Margaret M. Heckler. Nixon sent Chotiner to see her. He offered a campaign theme, a million dollars to start her campaign fund and a high appointive office if she lost—an offer that could not have

chat with Nixon and briefings from Agnew, Dent and four Cabinet members. "I will run as a Nixon man," says Raggio. In Texas and Tennessee, Bush and Brock are already proudly and publicly running that way.

The Nixon blitz has stirred professional envy among the opposition. Said one high-ranking Democrat: "He's done the kind of job I wish my cats [former Democratic candidates] had done. Nixon and Agnew have played cold-blooded politics, and they have been god-damned aggressive." If it turns out to

be a winning game, Nixon will have overcome severe odds. Only once since 1934 has the President's party gained Senate seats in an off-year election. That was in 1962, when Democrats benefited from a spurt of national unity after the Cuban missile crisis and added four seats to their existing majority during the presidency of John Kennedy.

Youthful Volunteers

Are college students really serious about working for peace candidates in the November elections? No one can say for sure, but on early form there is a good chance that they will have considerable impact, at least in numbers. Through the American Council on Education, Vanderbilt Chancellor Alexander Heard, President Nixon's special adviser on campus unrest, commissioned a Louis Harris poll on student political intentions. It found 65% of college students convinced that working to elect better public officials is the most effective way to do something about solving the nation's problems. Nearly the same number, 63%, reject violence as a last resort to change the system.

Harris interviewers talked to 820 students, a cross-section from 50 colleges. Of that group, an overwhelming 89% believe that public pressure can gradually alter government policies. Astonishingly, 39% said they personally planned to work for peace candidates in the congressional, senatorial and gubernatorial campaigns this fall. Even if only a tenth of that number actually turn out, Harris calculates, there will be 200,000 students out on the hustings around the U.S. "The experiment could well change American politics beyond recognition," Harris says. "The students could virtually swamp the political process." Or, he adds, they could stir up an enormous anti-student reaction on the part of their elders.



BROCK



CRAMER



MacGREGOR



RAGGIO



BUSH



ROTH



KLEPPE



WOLD



BURTON

Starters on the Nixon team.

been made without Nixon's approval. But Chotiner could not provide the one thing that might have persuaded her: a more beatable opponent. She declined.

In Nevada, Nixon wanted Governor Paul Laxalt to run against Cannon and told him so in a White House talk. "I need friends bad," the President said. When Laxalt insisted on retirement and his decision threatened a party split in the state over his successor, Nixon sent Agnew to persuade Raggio, one of two Republicans who wanted the governorship, to run for the Senate instead. Agnew succeeded. Raggio then got the Washington treatment: a



GANG MEMBER AT BLACKSTONE CENTER

Chicago: Turning Against the Gangs

THE notion of teen-age gangs evokes memories of the '50s, of leather-jacketed youths sporting zip guns and garrison belts, of the Sharks and the Jets in the urban ballet that was *West Side Story*. To the residents of Chicago's sprawling black ghetto, however, the images are more immediate and far more menacing.

As of June 24 of this year, there have been 38 gang-related homicides and 316 gang shootings with 398 wounded, most in the city's black South Side. Last Friday, at one violence-ridden project, there were more fatalities—two policemen, walking the streets in a program to improve relations with the community, were gunned down by snipers. Among the black community, there is a growing recognition that the gangs are a cancer within their midst, that they must be stamped out and that no matter what the police and courts try to do, it is the blacks themselves who must ultimately solve the problem.

Such awareness has been long in coming. For years, the city's black gangs have been allowed to flourish under a protective umbrella of white-liberal and black community support. Despite the formation of a special police gang intelligence unit, organizations like the Black P. Stone Nation (formerly and more famously known as the Blackstone Rangers), the Black Disciples and the Vice Lords increased their memberships into the thousands and engaged in shooting sprees, beatings, extortion and intimidation. But for all that, adult black leaders did not criticize the gangs, visualizing them instead as an organized and potentially constructive force in the community.

Y.M.C.A. Support. So, too, did some of the white world. In 1967, the Office of Economic Opportunity financed a job-training program for both Blackstone

Rangers and Devil's Disciples. The Kettering Foundation gave \$50,000 for legal expenses for inner-city youths. A chapter of the Vice Lords known as the Conservative Vice Lords received Sears Foundation and Y.M.C.A. support in starting several small businesses in their area. Such prominent black personalities and longtime supporters of the gangs as Chicago Disk Jockey Holmes ("Daddy-O") Daylie and the Rev. Curtis Burrell, director of the Kenwood-Oakland Community Organization (K.O.C.O.), helped provide jobs for gang members. But still the killings continued.

For Blacks Only. Initially, black criticism of the gangs had stemmed mainly from the parents of dead and injured children. Recently, however, even men like Daddy-O Daylie began to blow the whistle on tolerance. He had put black capitalism into action by acquiring two filling stations and part ownership in a bowling alley, then hired young blacks to help staff them. But Stones members approached him last summer and demanded he turn over one of the stations to their gang. When he refused, youths reported to be gang members began vandalizing and harassing customers at his bowling alley. This year, a security guard at the lanes was shot three times by unidentified youths.

Angered and disillusioned, Daylie approached the Cosmopolitan Chamber of Commerce, a local group chiefly made up of black businessmen, and asked them to take a public position against the gangs. Soon after, he began receiving threats on his life. Since then, he has been using his daily radio show and once-a-week TV program, *For Blacks Only*, to ask blacks to stand up and be counted. "The silent black majority has become the victim of a violent minority," he says. "Once we are honest enough to admit there is a se-

rious gang problem, if we don't do something about it, we are part of the problem."

Even more surprising was the defection of the Rev. Curtis Burrell, formerly one of the gangs' staunchest allies. Burrell ran afoul of the Stones when he decided they were not acting for the good of the community and fired several of them from the K.O.C.O. staff last month. He denounced the gang as a negative element and held a "march against fear" in the Kenwood-Oakland area to muster resident support. Shortly afterward, five bullets were fired through the front window of his home.

Now Burrell, who was put under police protection for a week, is attempting to organize more marches. Like Daylie, he believes the problem is, in the end, one for the black community to solve.

Far Enough. Undoubtedly, leaders like Daylie and Burrell will be able to count increasingly on the support of middle-class blacks in the South Shore area. Normally oblivious to the gangs as long as they were confined to the worst ghetto areas, middle-class South Shore parents recently were shocked when their children came home to tell them of a massive recruiting drive by the Black P. Stone Nation.

The recruiters allegedly went right into the schools, threatening harm to the students or their parents if they failed to align themselves with the Stones. "This gang thing has gone far enough," said one outraged father. Burrell, who is against white intervention, would like to hear similar expressions of black anger more often. "What the police have to do," he says, "is stand out of the way and let black men deal with their sons." If the revulsion against gang violence in the Chicago ghetto continues, this could well happen.



DISK JOCKEY DAYLIE

Blowing the whistle on tolerance.

LAW ENFORCEMENT

The Respectable Rioter

Richard L. Barkley is as straight as they come. An Annapolis graduate who retired as a Navy commander after 15 years of service, Barkley, 56, is president of a small manufacturing company, an active Republican, and has lived in Palo Alto, Calif., for the past 30 years. Unlikely as it seems, Barkley last week was arrested for rioting at a Palo Alto rock festival.

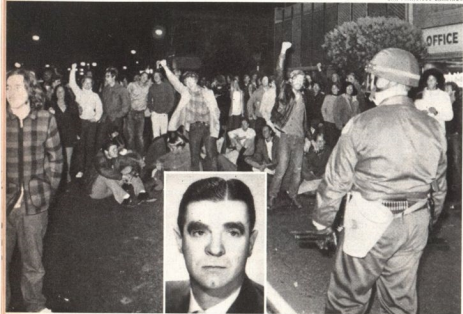
It all began when he accepted a newspaper invitation placed by local merchants to attend the festival at Palo Alto's Lytton Plaza. The week before, a similar event at the plaza had erupt-

The club was lowered, but Barkley was nonetheless barred from departing and pushed back into the crowd. He was about to find out more about "what really happens" than he expected.

Apparently without audible warning, the police blocked all four streets around the plaza and corralled Barkley and 362 others—including at least a dozen other over-30 straights who had also accepted the merchants' invitation—into a compact mass. For four hours they were kept standing there, and then, at 3:30 a.m., the entire crowd was bused off to jail.

There followed a dozen hours of official indifference and indignity—including an apparent slowdown by deputies

SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER



POLICE SEAL OFF FESTIVAL CROWD; BARKLEY (INSET)

Just enough harassment to make them antagonistic.

ed into a store-window-smashing binge. The merchants now advertised for respectable citizens to come "observe what really happens" and to see just how insufferable the city's plague of "street people" could be.

Barkley showed up late in the evening. "I walked through the plaza," he recalled, "and talked to some of the kids. They were all wiggling with the music and hollering about Ho Chi Minh, and generally acting like perfect asses." Then he overheard an older man giving instructions to a young audience about how to disrupt the proceedings. Citizen Barkley promptly trotted over and told the police, who thanked him warmly.

Raised Truncheon. As he headed for his car to go home, Barkley noticed a crowd beginning to stampede, followed by a surging blue line of helmeted, jump-suited riot police. He tried to leave, but a young cop raised his truncheon to strike him. "Son, if you touch me with that," Barkley warned him, "you've touched the wrongest man in Palo Alto."

in booking the detainees, who were kept 80 to a cell. It was not until late in the afternoon that the wrongest man in Palo Alto was finally mug-shot, fingerprinted and given a summons to appear in court this week on a charge of "rioting." Barkley and a number of fellow straight defendants say they may sue for false arrest. Among them are Nannon J. Nichols, a 31-year-old electrical engineer, and Stanford University Professor William R. Kincheloe, 44. They joined Barkley in refusing to appear in heroes' roles at a radicals' press conference, despite being irked at their treatment by police. "I was 100% behind the police," said Nichols. "Now I'm about 80% and trying to analyze what happened to me."

Like many Americans, Barkley is still emphatically on the side of law and order. But, he says, "this is the kind of harassment that the police are obviously stupid in doing. It isn't enough to scare, just enough to make you mad and antagonistic that it happens to the kids."

TRIALS

The Magic Garden

It was a fine garden that Antonio Carrozzi kept. There were tall, aggressive beanstalks. Jungles of pregnant tomato vines. Ears of corn like golden footballs. And out front, placed there to conceal the tempting vegetables from passersby, 300 spindly marijuana plants.

"I didn't even know it could be smoked," Carrozzi said when North Tarrytown, N.Y., police harvested the offending shoots and planted a drug charge on the 57-year-old Italian immigrant. Indeed, Carrozzi, who speaks little English, did not even know it was marijuana. After a heart attack four years ago, Carrozzi testified at his trial last week, he visited his native village, Camarda in the Abruzzi Mountains and brought back a packet of *canapa* seeds. Camardans, he recalled from his youth, used *canapa* fibers to make thread and cloth. Its seeds are used in soups and candies. "The kids," Carrozzi related, "used to carry them in their pockets and eat them like peanuts." Ironically, only the leaves are thrown away.

Village Justice John B. Whalen gave Carrozzi a conditional discharge, freeing him "on the condition that you no longer grow marijuana." Replied Carrozzi: "No, no, never more in my life!" Mused his wife Ada: "Always I wondered why in America, where they have everything, they did not have *canapa* seeds. I look everywhere for them—even in the birdseed. How come, I wonder, they do not have? Now I know."

HISTORICAL NOTES

A Matter of Sides

If politics makes strange bedfellows, it also makes some fickle lovers. That, at least, is the suggestion conveyed in a new book on the President's political comeback by Jules Witcover, veteran Washington reporter for the Los Angeles Times. In *The Resurrection of Richard Nixon* (G.P. Putnam's Sons), Witcover maintains that former Texas Governor John Connally, a power in the state and Lyndon Johnson's closest political ally, actually worked secretly through most of the campaign to raise money for Nixon while publicly ignoring Hubert Humphrey.

Then, according to Witcover, with less than a week to go before Election Day, Connally apparently came to believe that Humphrey would carry the state. So Connally leaped on the bandwagon and finally bestowed public blessings on his own party's candidate at a huge Houston rally. Johnson too, after immobilizing himself and his entire Cabinet during most of the campaign, appeared at the rally. He also loosened some Texas money that had been withheld from Humphrey. The support and money may have swung the state.

Nixon's *quid pro quo* for Connally's help, the story goes, was a strong, implied promise that he would become Sec-

retary of Defense—Nixon wanted a Democrat for the job—if the Republicans carried Texas and won. Although Texas had been regarded as leaning toward Nixon shortly before the vote, Humphrey took its 25 electoral votes, but by only 39,000 out of 3.1 million votes cast. Witcover quotes a Nixon insider as saying after the campaign that Connally could have gotten the Defense job if "he had had a few more guts," meaning if he had not switched.

Is the story true? Connally calls it "worse than inaccurate; it's a lie." Among those ready to believe it are many of Humphrey's staff who have long felt that Johnson secretly wanted a Nixon victory so that history would record the Democrats' unpopularity rather



FORMER TEXAS GOVERNOR CONNALLY

er than Johnson's. They reason that Connally would not have made the deal without Johnson's knowledge.

Believers could also find support for the story in some things not in Witcover's book. It is known that Connally was outraged at the Democratic Convention when Humphrey agreed to drop the unit rule for delegate voting, a source of power for Connally, and would not even consider the Texan for a running mate. Connally and Allan Shivers, also a former Texas Governor and like Connally a conservative, were planning to go on television shortly before the election to announce their support of Nixon. They changed their minds at about the same time that Connally, according to Witcover, was changing candidates.

AMERICAN SCENE

A Visit to Lyndon Johnson's Birthplace

The man with the black suitcase containing the codes for nuclear war, the Cabinet officers and the generals are gone from Johnson City, Texas, but the man and the land that shaped him remain. The birthplace of Lyndon B. Johnson is now a historical monument, cared for by the Department of the Interior, and open to tourists. TIME's Houston Bureau Chief Leo Janos joined the weekend visitors and sent this report:

THE Pedernales River shimmers under a fiery sun, but runs clear and full in the shade of the live oaks on the L.B.J. ranch. Cars, campers and minibuses drive past grazing cattle, cross the waterfall dam off Ranch Road One

and turn toward the five-room cottage where the 36th President of the U.S. was born.

"Welcome to President Johnson's birthplace," a young Interior Department guide says. "We hope ya'll enjoy your visit with us. Next tour begins in seven minutes."

The minutes are spent considering the latex paint and high gloss on the polished wooden floors that have replaced whitewash and brush brooms, inevitably softening the mean reality of turn-of-the-century Texas hill-country life. Then the familiar voice of Lady Bird Johnson, tape-recorded and piped through speakers in each room, leads the group through: "You are now looking in what was the President's nursery. The small Teddy bear on the cradle was the President's favorite toy..."

Across the breezeway in the combination parlor-bedroom where L.B.J. was born, a small fan whirs insignificantly in the stifling midday heat. A pregnant woman, wilting outside her air-conditioned car turns to a companion and whispers, "Imagine going into labor in this heat." On a nearby wall hangs a narrative, "A President Is Born," written by Rebekah Baines Johnson and recalling "the sharp, compelling cry" in the room as "the first child of Sam Ealy and Rebekah Johnson was 'discovering America.'"

The electronic voice calls attention to objects around the house: a bedspread crocheted by Grandmother Baines, "a cherished wedding gift to us," a Bristol hanging lamp, horsehair chair and ottoman, Great-Aunt Hattie Baines Roseboro's Bible, and the pie-safe "screened to keep out the flies."

Lady Bird concludes: "A House is very much like a family album, filled with the small treasures and mementos of past events."

Outside now, the tourists study a hand-pump well that still works. The out-

house has not survived, a father responds to his son's loud question: "Where did L.B.J. go to the bathroom?"

Sixteen thousand tourists made the 14-minute tour of the birthplace during June. Most of them were Texans, although out-of-state license tags dot the asphalt parking lot. They come to see some history on "a ten-minute stop off the road," and politics are unimportant to a father motioning his kids closer to the historical marker while he peers into the range finder of a camera. "You don't have to be an L.B.J. fan to come here," an Oklahoman explains.

L.B.J. fans in the crowd are occasionally rewarded with a visit from the former President. He drives down from the ranch in work clothes to press the flesh, sign autographs and chat by the honeysuckle along the front fence.

The visits to the birthplace are one of Johnson's few known breaks from full-time ranching. His well-known restless energy has been channeled into the raising of chickens for egg production, laying irrigation pipe—sometimes wading waist-deep into the Pedernales to lend a hand—racing across his 330-acre spread in a radio car and barking orders about sprinklers and feed for cattle. Ranch hands respond to his call the way White House staffers once did. The former Chief Executive energetically briefs his guests not on foreign policy but on livestock prices and the weather.

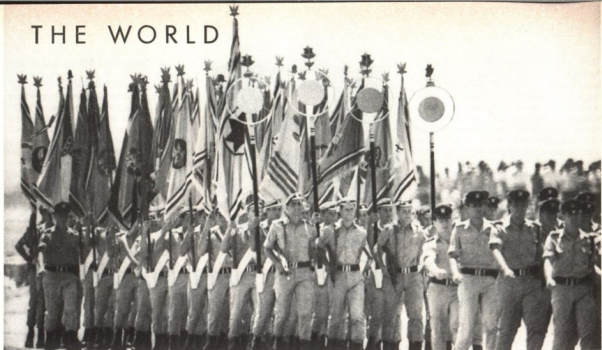
To the tourists who crossed the Pedernales on a recent Sunday afternoon at the rate of one carload a minute, these are subjects in keeping with what they came to see—the severe rustic furniture, the tin drinking cups of a Texas boyhood, the hand-sewn sampler on L.B.J.'s nursery wall that says:

*Come in the morning
Come in the evening
When you're looked for
And come without warning.*



TOURISTS EXAMINE THE OLD HAND PUMP

THE WORLD



ISRAELI CADETS PARADING ON AIR FORCE DAY

Middle East: Between Hope And Menace

AS Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser lingered in Moscow, extending his stay once, twice, then a third time, statesmen in a score of capitals wondered what was up. Were the Russians, mindful of recent U.S. warnings, finally trying to strong-arm their client into seriously considering the latest peace plan put forward by U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers? Or were the Russians and Egyptians taking all that time to check out a new shopping list of late-model Soviet weapons? When Nasser finally ended his 19-day visit last week and flew back to Cairo, a vague communiqué alluding to a political settlement was softer in tone than previous such statements but did little to clear up the mystery.

Strange References. To some Western officials, the dearth of diatribe was in itself a hopeful sign. They noted that Moscow and Cairo did not come right out and reject the Rogers proposals, which include a 90-day ceasefire, Israeli withdrawal from occupied territories and Arab acceptance of Israel's right to exist within recognized borders. There were rumors, in fact, that the Soviets had stressed the importance of a political solution, and had actually prevailed on Nasser to accept the essence of the Rogers proposals—a ceasefire and negotiations. The Israelis, however, saw no evidence that Nasser had experienced such a change of heart. In an interview last week with the Paris magazine *L'Express*, Premier Golda Meir said: "They say Nasser cannot accept public negotiations. Well, five times, ten times, 20 times, and not later than two weeks ago, we suggested secret conversations to him.

We never got the slightest response."

Vastly more pessimistic were some words addressed by Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan to newly trained pilots about to enter the air force. In an Air Force Day speech, scarcely 90 seconds long, Dayan raised the possibility of serious fighting ahead.

"Now in the fourth year of the Six-Day War," said Dayan, "the Egyptians and their foreign advisers are attempting to force a decision. I doubt whether their desire will bring us peace. I fear that the next round will take place not around a peace table, in talks and compromises of good will, but will take

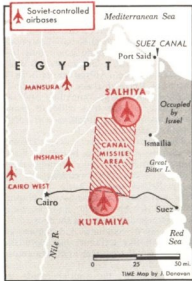
place in forts, in the skies, in air, missile and artillery battles, in raids and in repelling invasion attempts."

Continued Dayan, in a passage that contained some strange references: "I am well aware of the supreme effort demanded of you, and the extreme danger you are required to face in order to defeat the enemy. Battles in the skies over Kutamiya and Salhiya are no holiday gifts. But better that the battle for our future be fought there than at the fences of Nahal Oz and with the blood of the children of Kiryat Shemona."

What About Kutamiya? Dayan did not have to explain whom he meant by Egypt's "foreign advisers." Every Israeli by now is able to translate such a phrase into Russian. Similarly, Dayan's countrymen know of Nahal Oz, a fortified settlement on the Gaza Strip border; and Kiryat Shemona, a city on the Lebanon border where eight residents have been killed in recent months by Russian-made rockets fired by Arab guerrillas.

But what about Kutamiya and Salhiya, where Dayan all but announced an impending battle? Kutamiya, it turns out, is a new Egyptian airbase west of the port of Suez, halfway between that city and Cairo. Salhiya is another airfield northwest of Ismailia and about 20 miles west of the canal. Both are forward positions, sited on the northern and southern rims of the area where the most SA-2 missiles are concentrated (see map). Both are now housing MIG-21s piloted by Russians. The Israelis saw the stationing of MIGs at such advanced bases as an ominous move for three reasons:

1) The planes are in a position to fly



cover for the SA-2 and SA-3 missiles in the general Suez Canal area. Since the bases are at the very edge of the 20-mile zone where the Israelis have announced that their planes will continue operations, there is a distinct possibility that Soviet pilots will eventually tangle with Israelis.

2) The Israelis are even more worried that the MIGs might serve to cover Egyptian cross-canal operations—not necessarily an all-out invasion but perhaps a series of commando sorties. Such fears were magnified when the U.S. disclosed last week that Egypt was receiving its first amphibious armored personnel carriers from the Soviet Union; in recent months the Soviets have conducted Marine-style landing maneuvers with Egyptian troops.

3) The MIGs might be used to bomb Israel's Bar-Lev Line on the east bank of the Suez Canal. Up to now, Egyptian pilots have been carrying out such hit-and-run raids, but ineffectively. One Israeli source suggested last week that while Nasser was in Moscow he may have proposed that the Russians take over some of these bombing missions, and that the Russians readily agreed. After all, the source continued, Soviet

pilots are anxious to acquire some combat experience.

U.S. intelligence admits that Russian pilots have been spotted at one of the new bases, but Washington seems less concerned than do the Israelis about their presence. The U.S. view is that the Russians' mission is still defensive and that Dayan's tough words were meant to be a deterrent to the Soviets.

Poison and Antidote

Israel lost another Phantom over the Suez Canal last week—the third shot down in three weeks by SA-2 missiles. Israeli technicians are certain that they know why. The new missiles were tuned to a new range of frequencies, and the electronic countermeasure (ECM) devices carried by Israeli jets to spoof or confuse attacking missiles were not capable of picking up those frequencies. The Phantom pilots, wrongly assuming that their ECMs would divert onrushing missiles, were unable to take evasive action in time.

For virtually every poison in jet-age aerial combat, however, there is an antidote. Though the Israeli-developed devices could not cope with the improved missiles, U.S. equipment has a larger

number of frequencies. Washington has released more than a hundred ECM pods to Israel, each consisting of a bomb-like container 10 ft. long and weighing about 300 lbs., which fits under the wing of a Phantom like an auxiliary fuel tank. Inside each pod are three canisters containing "noisemakers," or jammers, that radiate electromagnetic waves in the same frequencies used by the acquisition, tracking and terminal guidance systems* of an oncoming missile. When the ECM is turned on, the "noise" disrupts the missile's systems, causing it to veer away.

There is an electronic counter-countermeasure for jamming. Radio frequencies emitted by the ground-base guidance radar can be changed quickly so that the radar operator can continue to track the target aircraft on his scope in spite of the "noise." Of course, sensors in the ECM pod instantly detect this switch in hostile radar frequency and warn the pilot, who can then resume jamming by a frequency shift of his own. And on and on.

* Acquisition and tracking radar locks onto a plane and plots its position; terminal guidance radar navigates the missile to the target.

Meanwhile, in Cuba . . .

WHILE Israel's Moshe Dayan was alerting the world to the presence of two new Soviet-controlled fighter bases near the Suez Canal, U.S. military intelligence analysts last week were growing more and more concerned with evidence of increased Russian activity in Cuba. During the week, the number of surveillance flights by U.S. satellites and U-2 aircraft reached the highest level—at least one a day—since the Cuban missile crisis of October 1962.

Washington's intelligence community describes the recent activity as "wriggles" in Cuba. The wriggles appear to date from Soviet Defense Minister Andrei Grechko's trip to Havana last fall and a return visit to Moscow by Fidel Castro's brother Raúl last spring. The Soviets agreed to refurbish the Cuban military with everything from new knapsacks to improved, longer-range SA-2 missiles, similar to the ones employed in Egypt. Cuba now has 24 SA-2 sites, each with six missiles. In addition, Moscow has upgraded Fidel Castro's air force by supplying a 25-plane squadron of F model MIG-21s, which boast greater speed, longer range and a bigger payload capacity than the D models previously supplied to Cuba.

Since April, Soviet long-range Tu-95 "Bear" bombers, with a 44-ton payload, have made six flights to Havana. The April flights are the first landings that Soviet heavy bombers have ever made outside the U.S.S.R. Washington

doubts that the Russians are trying to sneak nuclear missiles into Cuba, as they did in 1962. More likely, the Tu-95 is carrying out reconnaissance missions and delivering military supplies. The flights may also be an effort to test the U.S. response; since there was no reaction following the first two flights in April, four more followed.

At the moment, the Soviets are mounting a large-scale mercy airlift to earthquake-struck Peru. Sixty-five flights will be made in all, many by the giant An-22, which, until the advent of the U.S.'s Lockheed C-5A last year, was the world's largest plane. Though U.S. sources discount rumors that the Soviets considered parachuting supplies to Communist guerrillas operating in Colombia and Venezuela, they suspect that the Soviets seized on the operation as an excuse for making proving flights along the Andes, a region in which they have had minimal flying experience. There is no doubt, furthermore, that the mercy planes have off-loaded cargo in Havana before continuing south to Peru. All told, three or four Soviet aircraft are now appearing on U.S. mainland radar screens every 24 hours, the largest number ever.

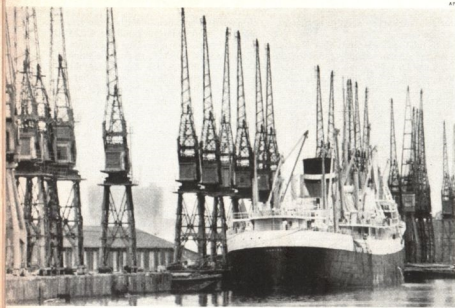
During their recent *Okeana* global naval maneuvers, the Soviets used the southern Cuban port of Cienfuegos for servicing and refueling their ships. Three Soviet submarines, one of them nuclear, as well as tenders and guided-missile boats, turned up in the Caribbean.



"HAVEN'T WE MET EYEBALL-TO-EYEBALL BEFORE? WAS IT BERLIN? . . . HAVANA?"

There are also reports that Soviet *Komar*-class missile boats have approached the waters off Key Biscayne—outside the twelve-mile international limit, but well within their missiles' 15-mile range of the Florida White House.

Next Sunday, Fidel Castro will celebrate the 14th anniversary of his attack on the Moncada barracks, the formal beginning of the Cuban revolution. At that time, he may well confirm the receipt of new Soviet military equipment. If nothing else, the recent flurry of U.S. surveillance flights should ensure that however significant the aid proves, the U.S. will not be in for any real surprises.



IDLE CRANES AT STRIKE-BOUND LONDON DOCK
Not a worker stirred.

BRITAIN

Hardly a Honeymoon

One thing that Britain's Conservatives did not manage to win in their stunning election upset last month was a reasonably long political honeymoon. Last week, less than a month after Prime Minister Edward Heath had moved his things into No. 10 Downing Street, he was coping with not one but two major crises.

In Northern Ireland, where the anniversary of the 1690 Battle of the Boyne River offered an excuse for a renewed outbreak of religious warfare between Protestants and Catholics, the new government deployed one of the largest security details ever assembled in the British Isles. There were Sioux helicopters, Saracen armored cars, 11,000 troops imported from posts as far away as Malta and West Germany and 7,000 police. As one senior army officer put it, "a sparrow could not have coughed without being arrested." Though more than 100,000 Protestants donned bowler hats for Orange Order parades in such potential trouble spots as Belfast, Londonderry, Maghera and Armagh, there was no violence. The only casualties of the week came three days later, when a bomb planted in a Belfast bank by an unknown terrorist hurt 31 bystanders.

Red Trade Balance. Heath's government was less effective in Britain itself, where a collapse in labor negotiations closed the nation's 40 major ports as 47,000 dockworkers walked off their jobs in the first nationwide dock strike since the massive general strike of 1926. Rushing home from her ten-day visit to Canada, Queen Elizabeth II signed a state-of-emergency proclamation less than ten minutes after her arrival at Buckingham Palace. Armed with that authority, the new Tory government pre-

pared to call out some 36,500 troops to move perishables, medicines and mail at deserted ports from Southampton to Glasgow, where more than 150 ships lay idle.

No one is venturing any guesses on whether the strike could last the 40 days that some labor leaders have mentioned, but food is not an immediate problem. Shortages in some meats, including lamb and beef, could show up within a fortnight, but Britain has a two-month supply of such items as butter, wheat, bacon, cheese and sugar. The country is in less danger of going hungry than of falling back into economic



PROTESTANT PARADERS IN BELFAST
Not a sparrow coughed.

straits. A long strike could shut down steel mills for lack of ore, then close auto plants whose exports earned £1 billion last year. Already the strike is bottling up exports worth \$57 million a day, menacing Britain's still fragile trade balance. Just two days before the strike, the government reported that in June the balance of trade was in the red for the third month in a row; the deficit, \$122 million, was the worst in 15 months.

Harold Understands. One reason for the continuing trade problems has been the failure of past governments to curb Britain's chronic wildcat walkouts, of which the dock strike is an outstanding example. British dockers already take home an average \$84 a week, so hopes of a peaceful settlement were high early on, when union leaders endorsed management offers of a 4% to 7% increase. Those hopes crumbled, however, when rank-and-file insurgents, demanding pay increases closer to 80%, rejected the package and led dockers off the piers. Jack Jones, head of the 1,500,000-member Transport and General Workers Union, could only make the strike official and protest lamely that "we are not trying to wreck the economy."

The strike could do just that, particularly if it lasts much longer than the annual two-week vacation shutdown that fortuitously is to begin in many British plants this week. Under the terms of the state-of-emergency laws, invoked only six times in the past 50 years,* Heath can order troops to move essential cargoes, set ceilings on food prices and ration vital supplies. In Commons, the new Prime Minister got a pledge of support from none other than his Labor predecessor, Harold Wilson, who rose to observe that "we understand the very grave situation." Well he should. The seamen's strike that closed Britain's ports for 45 days in 1966 badly upset the country's balance of payments, hastened the devaluation of the British pound in 1967, and contributed to the loss of confidence that crushed Labor in 1970.

SOVIET UNION

Indecision at the Top

According to party statutes, no more than four years are supposed to elapse between congresses of the Communist Party. The 23rd Party Congress was held in March 1966, but nobody was surprised that the 24th did not meet on time, for last March the whole country was getting ready for the numbing celebrations of Lenin's centennial. Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev kept assuring people that the congress would be convened this year. Last week, however, Brezhnev summoned the Central Committee for its second plenary session in a fortnight to an-

* In the 1921 miners' strike, the 1926 general strike, the wildcat dock strikes of 1948 and 1949, the 1955 railroad strike and the 1966 seamen's strike.

nounce that the 24th Party Congress would not meet until March 1971, a full year behind schedule.

There was nothing unprecedented about the delay. Joseph Stalin once let 13 turbulent years go by between congresses. Nonetheless, the fact that Brezhnev had announced only eleven days earlier that the congress would meet this year provoked a flurry of speculation. Kremlinologists in Moscow and other capitals, the more realistic of whom rate themselves and their conferees on their varying degrees of ignorance, produced several hypotheses:

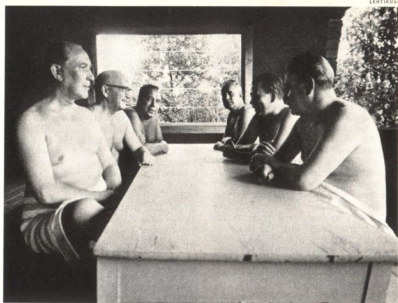
► Planners and politicians have been unable to agree on the basic outlines of the 1971-75 Five-Year Plan, which is to be introduced at the 24th Congress. Accordingly, they have demanded more time to resolve disputes about the allocation of scarce resources among the many claimants in industry, agriculture, science and the military. Particularly difficult, according to Moscow observers, are decisions on allocating resources to scientific research and consumer goods.

► The leadership is still wrestling with an even more fundamental economic problem. Should economic stagnation be attacked by re-applying the all but forgotten liberal "Liberian reforms" introduced by Premier Aleksei Kosygin in 1965 and soon quietly abandoned by the conservative Brezhnev? Those reforms called for decentralization, increased authority for factory and regional managers, and careful use of market mechanisms. Or should the Kremlin move in the opposite direction by imposing even stricter discipline and central control?

► Some top-level changes are expected by the next congress, but an argument is still raging over who should move up. In the center of this speculation is Aleksei Kosygin. Only last week, along with President Nikolai Podgorniy, he was unanimously re-elected by the rubber-stamp Supreme Soviet. Nonetheless, at 66 Kosygin has neither the robust health nor the untempered power hunger of some of his colleagues, and some Western experts believe he would like to step down at the 24th Congress.

► The leadership is currently deep in delicate and audacious manipulations in the field of foreign relations. There are the negotiations, due to resume in Moscow next week, with the West German government on a mutual renunciation-of-force treaty, which could lead to the long-overdue stabilization of Europe. There are the SALT talks with the U.S., from which any sort of agreement could drastically affect the domestic funds available. There is the attempt to order Moscow's relations with Peking.

Finally, there is Moscow's gambit in the Middle East, which could lead either to enormous Soviet influence in an area coveted by Russian leaders since Peter the Great or to a hair-raising crisis. Since all these operations are currently "going critical," the Kremlin's leaders want to avoid having to submit a progress report for a while.



FINNISH CABINET MEETING AFTER SAUNA AT KESÄRANTA
A time for parboiling and policymaking.

FINLAND Neutrality with a Tilt

Though it sounds like a rural rail route, the Paasikivi-Kekkonen Line is in fact the name of the foreign policy that has guided Finland since World War II: seeking accommodation with its mighty eastern neighbor, the Soviet Union. In pursuit of this policy, Finnish President Urho Kaleva Kekkonen, 69, flew to Moscow last week for the

16th time since he became Finland's head of state in 1956. This week, in keeping with his country's enduring but slightly off-balance neutrality, he will make his second state visit to the U.S. to discuss such matters as a proposed European security conference.

Some Finns complain that Kekkonen, unlike his predecessor J.K. Paasikivi, is unnecessarily obsequious to the Soviets. "Paasikivi waited for the Russians to ask," grumbles one of the President's critics. "Kekkonen goes to the Russians and offers." His reasons are all too obvious. Finland has a population of only 4,700,000 (v. the Soviet Union's 240 million) and shares 788 miles of its 1,583-mile frontier with the Soviet Union. The Finns have been at war with Russia, both under Sweden's suzerainty and on their own, for a total of 90 years. The brutal 1939-43 wars with the Soviets cost the country 10% of its territory and more than 65,000 men.

Helsinki Club. Mindful of all this—and of Nikita Khrushchev's attacks on the Finns in 1959 for including anti-Soviet politicians in their Cabinet—Kekkonen does indeed go to great pains to avoid antagonizing the Russians. His government deplored the U.S. invasion of Cambodia but made no mention of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. It torpedoed Nordek, the proposed Scandinavian common market, mainly because the Soviets were suspicious of it. Even domestic politics reflects this concern. In Finland's March elections, the Conservatives finished in second place (out of eight parties). But when a five-party coalition was finally formed last week with longtime Foreign Minister Ahti Karjalainen as Premier, the Conservatives were excluded because Moscow might disapprove.

Though Kekkonen is sometimes ac-



KEKKONEN
From high jump to tightrope.

cused of being the Kremlin's errand boy, he has actually performed an adroit balancing act in his dealings with the Soviets. A northern lumberman's son who was once the national high-jump champion (top performance: 6 ft. in 1924), Kekkonen fought the Russians during World War I and in 1940 was one of only two members of Parliament who voted against ceding any Finnish territory to the Soviets. In 1943, however, he realized that the Nazis were losing the war and concluded that Finland would have to adopt a policy of Soviet-oriented neutrality.

Kekkonen, whose present six-year term ends in 1974, says he will not run a fourth time—but few Finns believe him. The President takes pride in his working friendship with the Kremlin leadership. Many of its members belong to his "Helsinki Club," a select group of statesmen who have visited Helsinki and shared a sauna with him; Western members include Dean Rusk, King Baudouin of the Belgians and Sweden's Ex-Premier Tage Erlander. Finland's cabinet has its own version of the club, meeting regularly in the sauna at Kesäranta, the Premier's official residence, to combine parboiling and policymaking. Within the bounds of Finland's "bridge building" neutralism, Kekkonen pursues a fairly active foreign policy. Last year he revived the idea of a European security conference—though the Russians might have put him up to it—and he invited the U.S. and the Soviet Union to open the SALT talks in Helsinki.

Perpetual Night. Most Finns have accepted the need for neutralism, but internally they have built a society that is thoroughly Western in look as well as outlook. Its architecture is trim and modern, and so are its leggy, miniskirted blondes. With the Gross National Product at \$8.8 billion and the economy growing at 6-7% a year, unemployment stands at a manageable 2%. Eastern Europe accounts for barely one-sixth of its trade, Western Europe close to two-thirds. The ratio is even more lopsided when it comes to tourism. Of 1,300,000 visitors last year, the overwhelming majority came from Sweden, West Germany, Norway, the U.S. and Britain, in that order. To lure even more Westerners, the Finns have even been selling *Kaamos Aika* package deals to honeymoon couples. *Kaamos Aika* is the winter-long period of perpetual night in remote Lapland.

SWITZERLAND

Any Connection?

Fact No. 1: In a recent Gallup poll of statesmen and diplomats in 40 nations, Switzerland was chosen as the "best-governed nation in the world"—followed by Britain and Sweden, with the U.S. sixth.

Fact No. 2: Last week the entire top echelon of the Swiss government—the seven-man Federal Council, or Cabinet—was off on vacation.

TURKEY

Never Mind the Noise

Despite its proximity to the birthplace of Bolshevism, Turkey has remained a deeply conservative society, dominated by a seemingly change-proof peasantry. Thus it came as something of an eye-opener last month when the country's growing leftist organizations were able to assemble a throng of 70,000 in Istanbul to protest a labor bill that they felt would benefit right-wing workers. The demonstration quickly turned into a bloody riot. Tanks rumbled out and gunfire spluttered. The Golden Horn bridge was closed and ferry service across the Bosphorus, linking the European and Asian halves of the city, was stopped to contain the rampaging mobs. With four dead and 100 injured,

Tunaya, professor of political science at Istanbul University: "Turkey is a field on which gasoline has been poured. Watch your cigarette."

Leftist Despair. In the midst of that field, Demirel is a man beset on all sides. The peasants, who constitute 70% of Turkey's 35 million people and the chief source of support for Demirel's Justice Party, are angered by his attempts to improve conditions for the middle class and the business community. The middle class wants him to place more emphasis on law and order so as to curb radical leftists. The minority leftists, who despair of ever gaining any sort of power through parliamentary means, advocate disruption as the only way to be heard.

Though the left is politically insignificant, it is both vocal and growing in

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



STUDENTS DEMONSTRATING IN ANKARA
Quakes, droughts, floods, and now this.

the government of Prime Minister Süleyman Demirel imposed a month-long period of martial law on Istanbul and the nearby industrial city of Izmit. Last week, the parliament extended martial law for another two months.

The Istanbul eruption was only one symptom of a creeping malaise that is infecting Turkey. Inflation plagues the economy. Turkey's balance of payments is \$300 million in the red. U.S. economic aid dropped from \$237 million in 1963 to \$40 million last year, and promises to go even lower unless Turkey shows greater willingness to force its farmers out of the profitable business of growing poppies for opium and heroin. Natural disasters have worsened the turmoil. An earthquake this year killed 1,087 people and caused more than \$100 million damage. Turkey's wheat harvest is a disaster because of drought and flooding. Says Tarik Zafer

influence among students, labor leaders and intellectuals. Earlier this month, teachers demonstrated in Ankara to protest conservatism in the university there, while students managed to disrupt or close down every major university in Turkey this past spring. So far this year, 14 students have died in violent demonstrations. "If the corrupt university leadership is not replaced by next term," says one student leader, "there will be more blood spilled. We are not fooling." Despite the increased vigor of the left, the Communists are not one of Demirel's problems, either as an outside threat or as a substantial internal influence on the radicals. The government itself is solidly pro-Western.

Flying Ashtrays. Demirel's government is also committed to moderate reforms. Last spring he sent five politically charged measures to Parliament. The bills proposed gun control, stricter

limits on student and union participation in political agitation, an indirect tax on luxuries, a pay raise for 1,000,000 government workers and soldiers, and a labor law amendment that would in effect defuse a far-left-wing labor union by banning it from carrying on collective bargaining. Debate on the measures grew so heated that last month Demirel's own party staged a punching, ashtay-slinging brawl while members of the opposition stood by and jeered.

For a while, things looked dim indeed for the beleaguered Demirel. But last week, in a surprising move, President Cevdet Sunay and Ismet İnönü, chairman of the opposition Republican People's Party, agreed to work with Demirel to pass the bills. Sunay argued that the reforms were more important than political jockeying. İnönü, 86, protégé of

terference of 1960 and say it might happen again. But this is 1970, not 1960."

The Big Payoff. As for Turkey's economic difficulties, Demirel talks of "the payoff" he sees coming soon. Two giant dams, three paper plants, an iron-and-steel complex, a copper smelter and aluminum and electricity plants are well under way. "Our debts are high," Demirel told TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs, "but our credit is good." He added: "I would rather be a prosperous man with a debt and a future than a poor man free of debt with no future."

Demirel figures that his parliamentary problems and occasional demonstrations are the price a country must pay for being a democracy. "Many millions in Turkey are against the ideas of the left," he told Griggs. "We continue to reflect the majority will in spite of all the noise you hear. Noise is a basic ingredient in a real democracy, and the left makes lots of it." A redeeming fact may be that, for all the noise, some of Turkey's strongest elements—the government, the middle class, and a number of enlightened generals—seem bent on preserving the democratic order.

FRANCE

A Maoist Summer Festival

As a group of drowsy tourists left the palatial white casino in the Channel resort of Deauville early one morning last week, they were startled to see a \$25,000 Lamborghini sports car in flames on the street outside. Near by were some Maseratis, a Ferrari, a Jaguar and an Iso Rivolta freshly daubed with bright red hammers and sickles.

Not far from that scene, the current battle cry of France's increasingly aggressive young Maoists was scrawled on a wall: "*Pas de vacances pour les riches*"—no vacations for the rich. A day after the Deauville raid, the Maoists threw a Molotov cocktail and started a small fire at a hotel in La Baule on the Brittany coast. On Bastille Day, they slashed hundreds of tires in Lourdes near the shrine of Bernadette.

Last winter and spring, the French Maoists firmly established themselves on the outer fringes of the lunatic left with a series of riots, bomb attacks and a daring caviar and *foie gras* heist in broad daylight at Fauchon, the epicures' *haut* grocery of Paris. Next, one of their leaders, Alain Geismar, 26, advised that they make it a "hot summer for the bourgeoisie." Shortly before he was hauled off to jail for inciting riots, Geismar made a tape recording in which he urged his comrades to camp in the gardens of private villas, picnic on golf greens and convert gambling casinos into nurseries for poor children.

The revolutionaries, who are estimated to number only about 2,000 in all of France, have been relatively inactive on the Côte d'Azur so far. There was no solid evidence of a connection between the Maoists and a rash of forest fires that broke out along the full length

of the Riviera last week. Nonetheless, a number of resort owners met at Cannes to form a security force. In addition, Interior Minister Raymond Marcellin reinforced his riot police at the major resorts. His aim, he says, is to turn the Maoists' hot summer into "a cold summer, in a shady jail."

RUMANIA

No Hard Feelings, Sir

Though Rumania has fashioned a surprisingly independent foreign policy, internally there is no Dubček-style nonsense about freedom of the press or of personal behavior, no rock music, no long-haired youth.

Thus when a Bucharest police patrol stopped several teen-agers last week and informed them that their long hair offended public morality, the youngsters sheepishly went along to a police barber who summarily sheared them. Later, when the police got around to examining the boys' documents, they found that one of them happened to be named Nicolae Ceausescu, 18, student. "Father's profession?" asked the cop. "Oh, he's the secretary of a political party," the boy replied nonchalantly. After profuse apologies from the police, young Ceausescu assured them that there were no hard feelings. It may be that he has a good sense of humor—or that his father, who is also named Nicolae and is the boss of Rumania's Communist Party, has long been hounding him to get a haircut.

UNITED NATIONS

Professional Youths

"You see that Russian delegate with the gray hair?" a 27-year-old Scandinavian confided to a reporter at the United Nations World Youth Assembly. "He was an oldtimer when I was at my first conference five years ago."

It was indeed old home week for many of the 638 delegates who traveled to Manhattan from 112 countries for what U Thant had billed as an "unprecedented worldwide meeting" of youth. Nearly a third of the "young people" were over 25; one owned up to being 47. Several sported the thinning hair and thickening waistlines that characterize the men who are known on the world conference circuit as "professional youths." So prominent were the pros, especially among the Communist delegations, that the organizers considered tossing out everyone who could not prove himself under 30. But youth conferences, apparently, are too important to be wasted on the young.

Commission Impossible. Thanks to their presence, things were tightly controlled. High-powered politicking by the well-oiled clique of East bloc veterans was so blatant at meetings of the Commission on Peace that angry Western delegates began calling it Commission Impossible. "Most of the people had no chance to speak at all," complained



DEMIREL

Watch your cigarette.

Kemal Atatürk and one of the last links with the man credited with founding modern Turkey in 1923, agreed. As a result, four of the five bills seem certain to be passed by this week.

If they are held up, or if new riots erupt, there is always the threat of the military's stepping in as it did in 1960 when it overthrew the government of Adnan Menderes, accusing him of corruption and mismanagement. But the threat seems remote. The military wrote a democratic constitution complete with an elected Parliament and an elected Prime Minister, then turned Turkey back to the civilians in 1961. Today Turkey's generals have a strangely possessive attitude toward that constitution. While they want law and order, they also appear to want a democratically elected civilian government. Demirel himself pooh-poohs the idea of a military takeover. "People remember the military in-

Pat Mapps, a black American delegate. Blandly ignoring cries of "Shame!" and "Farce!" during an obviously phony election, the pros voted in a young Palestinian student named Fawaz Najia as the peace commission chairman. At the final session, which ended in uproar at 2:30 a.m., the wily Najia rammed through a resolution condemning the U.S. for a host of "rapacious" policies. What of some 70 other proposals that included a rebuke of the Soviets for "aggression" in the Middle East? There was, said Najia, "no time."

At the final session, an Israeli delegate vented his rage by storming to the rostrum and ripping Najia's report to shreds. The assembly's final report to the U.N. did, however, make a grudging attempt at impartiality: it balanced the demand for U.S. withdrawal from Indochina with a suggestion that the Soviets should lay off Czechoslovakia.

Guided Tour. For those who wanted to see just how the U.S. "exploits and oppresses its own people," American militants ran a bus tour of Harlem. The delegates rode in rapt silence as their guide pointed out drug addicts and berated the "white fascist pig establishment." One puzzled youth wanted to know where all the late-model automobiles came from. He was told that they belonged exclusively to black exploiters of blacks—pimps, pushers and similar parasites.

THAILAND

Gloom in the Land of Smiles

When embattled Cambodia began casting around for a savior, Thailand, the pro-Western "Land of Smiles," seemed ideally cast. The Thai government, a military regime with parliamentary trappings, had sent its 11,000-man Black Leopard Division to South Viet Nam on a similar mission. General Praphas Charusathien, the country's Vice Premier and army chief, was forever saying: "It is better to fight Communists outside Thailand than at home." Cambodia, whose border is just a three-hour drive from Bangkok, seemed a like-

ly place. Something happened to the Thais on the way to the rescue. In May, when Cambodia's Premier Lon Nol began broadcasting S O S signals, the Thais intimated that substantial help would soon be on the way. So far Bangkok has supplied Cambodia with only five T-28 fighter-bombers, medical supplies, boots and uniforms. On a remote island base, however, the Thais are now training a mixed group of 10,000 Thai and 2,000 Cambodian recruits, and there is talk that this division-size force could be combat-ready some time this month. Presumably, the troops could be lifted into action from a string of 20 or 30 helicopter pads that are now being built along the Thai-Cambodian border.

Despite these moves, Thailand has stopped far short of a major commitment of men and arms. One reason is the

slow progress of secret negotiations on just how much the U.S. should pay for Thai aid to Cambodia.

Another reason is that the Thais, like other Asians, are deeply distressed about the prospect of an almost total U.S. stand-down in Asia. Reflecting that gloom, Thai Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman last week delivered a U.S.-baiting speech, charging that American policy is being warped by the "confusions and convulsions" of hippie and yuppie culture. He added the blunt but perhaps not unreasonable observation that the U.S. "is exhibiting signs of derangement and systematic disorder."

The Thais, whose own economy is showing symptoms of disorder after a decade of prosperity, are troubled not only about how to finance aid to Cam-



THANAT KHOMAN IN BANGKOK
Only when it is unavoidable.

bodia, but also about the timing. Thanat and Praphas displayed a surprising lack of agreement on the question when they appeared at a conference in Bangkok last week. Citing the Communist threat, Praphas said: "We have to send troops into Cambodia." Thanat maintained that "Thailand will fight only when it is unavoidable."

Doubtful Doctrine. Such differences indicate that the Nixon Doctrine, calling for "Asian initiatives" in self-defense, may prove devilishly difficult to put into practice. Two years ago, Political Scientist Morton Halperin, a veteran of Clark Clifford's Defense Department, said: "A threat is important only if it is regarded as such by those in the region." As the Thai example shows, the countries of Southeast Asia are a long way from agreeing on the nature of the threat.

CHINA

Rusticating the Rebels

Two years ago this week, in the waning days of Chairman Mao Tse-tung's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, the first of hundreds of bloated and badly mutilated bodies floated down the Pearl River into Hong Kong waters. The victims had been killed in factional fighting among the Red Guards, the vicious, young, ideological vigilantes of the Cultural Revolution. Mao had approved the organizing of the Red Guards in 1966; but realizing that they had got out of hand, he decreed that large numbers of them be shipped, along with other city youths, to rural areas. In the two years since then, Mao's rustication program has turned into one of history's great mass movements, with as many as 20 million young Chinese being forced out of the cities.

Besides restoring order and contributing to increased agricultural production, the campaign was supposed to give the younger generation some sense of the austere life endured by Chinese Communism's founders in the caves of Yenan in the 1930s and '40s. What Mao failed to consider, however, was the validity of that distinctly non-Confucian maxim about keeping 'em down on the farm after they've seen Peking.

Black Persons. The rusticated youths were paid as little as \$3.50 per month, compared with the \$20 they might have earned as urban factory hands. Many ex-Red Guards regarded the forced exile as the authorities' way of punishing them for refusing to resubmit to discipline after they had been ordered to end their rebellion. Clashes were common between the youths and the peasants to whom they were indentured.

One young man worked hard and was awarded the title of "Labor Youth Hero," but fled to Hong Kong because, he explained, "no matter how hard we worked or how our fingers bled, the party officials were never satisfied." The New China News Agency, admitting the discontent, recently reported the case of a flute-playing youth who was so depressed by "the drudgery of agricultural toil" that his flute fell silent. The news agency recommended a massive dose of Maoist thought as a cure, but there are widespread signs that the flutist's melancholy is shared by millions. Few have any hope of returning to school; 90% of China's universities have been closed since 1966.

According to reports reaching Hong Kong, as many as 1,000,000 rusticated youths have gone AWOL, creating a serious urban crime problem. Once back in the cities, the deserters become *hei jen* (black persons) who have no registered abode. Many turn to theft and murder, often running in large gangs. The army has retaliated against this wave of lawlessness with show trials and mass executions. A teenage girl who returned to Hong Kong recently told of one such public ceremony: "We



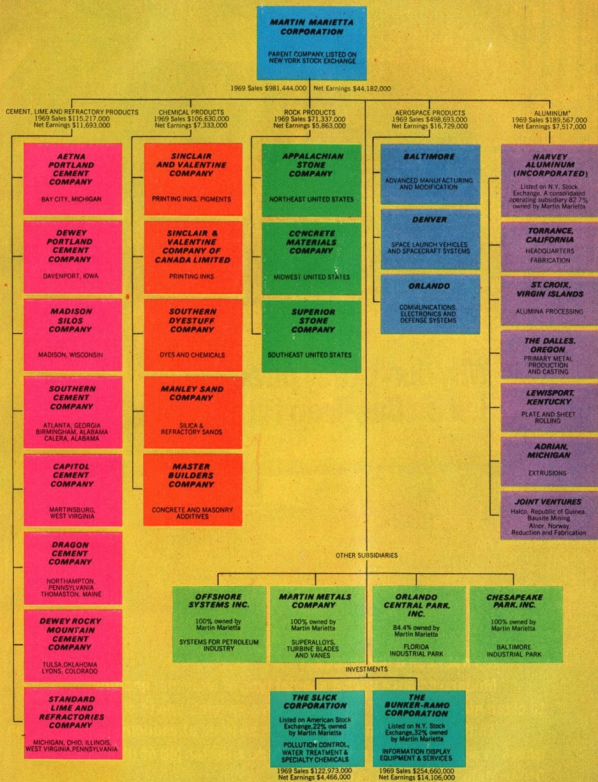
It's not such a dumb idea.

Modern science uses a special type of charcoal granule to clean air. Lark's Gas-Trap filter uses a special type to clean smoke.

That's why our Gas-Trap filter is so good at reducing certain harsh gases in cigarette smoke. We actually do a better job of it than any Other Major Brand you can buy.

You might mention it to the Mayor the next time he stops by.

If you like the taste of gas you'll hate the taste of Lark.



Organization as of December 31, 1969.

*Aluminum sales and earnings (less earnings applicable to the minority interest) reflect Harvey operations for its fiscal year ended September 30, 1969.

MARTIN MARIETTA MOVES.

Last year, our corporate sales increased to \$981 million.

Earnings per share rose to a record \$2.21.

During the year, we increased our ownership in Harvey Aluminum to 82.7% and it became a consolidated, operating subsidiary of Martin Marietta.

This is the basic aluminum business. Harvey mines bauxite in the African state of Guinea, processes it in the Virgin Islands, and produces ingot in Oregon. Fabricating is done at plants in California, Michigan, Kentucky and Tennessee.

A new reduction plant is now under construction in the state of Washington. When completed in 1971, Harvey's primary aluminum production will double.

Also during 1969, our Cement and Lime Division completed and began operating a major new cement plant in Colorado. We now produce cement in ten states, and market it from the Atlantic Seaboard to the Rockies. Our portland cement brand names: Capitol, Dewey Rocky Mountain, Dragon, Dewey Portland, Aetna, and Magnolia.

At Manistee, Michigan, our Cement and Lime Division also began production in a new plant of a special refractory for protecting basic oxygen furnaces in the steel industry.

Our Chemical Division has increased its

production of printing inks, dyes, organic chemicals, concrete additives and silicas.

At Montreal, a new printing ink plant was put into production by our Sinclair and Valentine unit. It is one of the largest in Canada. Sinclair and Valentine also opened a new facility in Baltimore, to produce color concentrates for plastics and rubber.

New disperse dyes were introduced for the synthetic fiber industry. Concrete additive sales increased, as did sales of silicas to the glass and foundry industries.

Rock aggregate production reached a record 46-million tons. Our Rock Products Division operates over 100 plants in 14 states.

Our Aerospace Group began research and development work which will lead to the building and launching of Viking. This is an unmanned spacecraft which in the mid-70's will orbit Mars, then land and explore that planet's surface.

Martin Marietta is providing some hardware and is the integrator for NASA's Skylab, the manned orbiting space station which will perform a variety of scientific experiments during several years in earth orbit.

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saw soldiers pull a man along a track. He tried to stand up, but they kept kicking him down. The soldiers forced him to kneel down beside two other bodies and shot him through the head from behind." The question is whether such coercive action will produce the "criticism-transformation"—Peking's jargon for brainwashing dissent—that Mao has called for.

Little Soldiers. Despite such disappointing results, Peking is pressing ahead with its efforts to remold China's children. The Communist Youth League, disbanded by the Red Guards and now being revived, is aimed at the 14-to-25 age group. For those in the seven-to-14 category, Peking has created the Little Red Soldiers organization, a successor to the now-defunct Young Pioneers. The Little Red Soldiers already have their own pantheon of heroes. Most notable are the five children who are said to have perished while fighting a forest fire. Radio Peking solemnly insists they leaped into the flames shouting "Long live Chairman Mao!" and clutching their little red books of the Chairman's thoughts.

NIGERIA

The Unconquerable Ibos

Crowds still line the roads to Enugu and Orlu, Umuahia and Aba, major centers of Nigeria's Ibo tribe. But now the crowds are made up mostly of traders and their customers, not fleeing refugees. In Nnewi, the Cool Precious Restaurant for Good Diet is back in business. The breweries are working again, and cold beer goes swiftly at \$1 a bottle. The Ibo commercial instinct is reasserting itself everywhere—from the \$20-a-night Bristol Hotel in Lagos, where Ibo businessmen throng to re-establish their contacts, to the smallest villages, where young boys sell cigarettes for a few cents' profit. "They have learned a lot from the war," a Yoruba from Nigeria's Western Region told TIME Correspondent James Wilde last week. "They will never try armed force again, but will use their brains instead. This is far more dangerous."

The Yoruba spoke with mingled admiration and apprehension. Three years ago the Ibos established the breakaway nation of Biafra and precipitated Black Africa's worst civil war. When the war ended last January, close to 2,000,000 of them were dead or missing. Biafran Leader Odumegwu Ojukwu was headed for exile in the Ivory Coast, and the Ibo homeland was a shambles. But with the armistice six months old this week, the Ibos appear well on the way to reviving. "They have not been conquered," said the Yoruba. "They have merely cleared the decks to build anew."

Vacuum Cleaners. After Biafra fell, there were fears that many of the surviving 4,000,000 Ibos there would be slaughtered or starved. But there were no sweeping reprisals, and certainly no genocide. When the federal 3rd Marine Commando Division followed the ar-

mistice with an outburst of rape and pillage, Major General Yakubu Gowon, leader of Nigeria's government, swiftly replaced the unit. Though Major General Philip Effiong, who surrendered to Gowon, is still in custody, along with a score of other ranking Biafran officials, all other prisoners of war have been sent home. The East Central State, where the Ibos are concentrated, is administered by an Ibo, Anthony Ukpabi Asika, 33, who studied at U.C.L.A., taught at the University of Ibadan, and sided with the federal government in Lagos during the rebellion. But seven of Asika's ten ministers were officials of the secessionist Biafran government.

Despite the swift pace of revival, misery has by no means been banished from the East Central State. Hospitals

have stopped running for lack of spare parts. Thousands of tons of relief food rotted on Lagos' docks; eventually stocks of Dutch powdered milk intended for starving children were used to fill road potholes in Port Harcourt.

Barter Economy. Getting supplies into Ibo territory is difficult, because General Gowon firmly refuses to open the airstrip at Uli, a symbol of Biafra's resistance. The present alternative, now that Asika's government is taking over relief work from the Nigerian Red Cross, is a creeping system of old cars and trucks, some still carrying bright red Biafran license plates.

The Ibos are as short of cash as they are of food, and a barter trade has developed in which dried salted stockfish frequently takes the place of



IBO YOUNG BEING CARED FOR IN REFUGEE CENTER

The powdered milk went into potholes.

are short-staffed and overcrowded. Some roads ripped up to slow Nigerian armored cars have not been repaired. Ex-soldiers, known as "vacuum cleaners" because they are so thorough, roam the region stealing from villagers. In Enugu, a businessman explained why he could never reach Lagos by telephone: "Thieves steal the copper telephone lines, melt them down and sell the ingots in Lagos, where they are made into telephone lines."

Starvation is still a major concern, and 200 children are dying each week of malnutrition or the protein deficiency called *kwashiorkor* that killed thousands during the war. After the armistice, the Nigerian Red Cross and the Federal Commission for Reconstruction quarreled over which should supervise Ibo relief operations; one result was a breakdown in aid. Most of the 300 British and U.S. vehicles rushed in to carry food have either been "diverted" or

money. The East Central State government, which cannot run on stockfish, has a budget of approximately \$80 million this year, but expects to collect only \$14 million in local taxes. One result is that thousands of civil servants will not be paid.

Surviving the Slight. Jobs are still scarce. The once ubiquitous Ibo shopkeeper and market mammy are unwelcome in much of the rest of Nigeria. Before the war, there were 8,000 Ibo civil servants in Lagos; barely 1,000 will get their jobs back. Port Harcourt, center of a thriving oil industry that has already nearly doubled wartime production to 1,100,000 barrels a day, was once 90% Ibo; it is now 100% Rivers tribesmen. But the Ibos seem able to survive the slight. "We are very much like the Jews," said a former Biafran civil servant. "You know what happened to them during World War II. Now they are a force to be reckoned with."

BRAZIL

From the Parrot's Perch

Only now is information starting to trickle out about the atrocities against political prisoners in our country. We can assure everyone that torture does exist in Brazil. What is more; all that has been said about the torture is very little compared with the true facts.

Those charges, brought by female prisoners in Rio de Janeiro, come from "Terror in Brazil," a 15,000-word dossier compiled by the American Committee for Information on Brazil. The document was endorsed by 34 concerned citizens, including Black Leader Ralph Abernathy and John Bennett, president of Union Theological Seminary. According to the dossier, Brazil's military regime has resorted to a whole catalogue of horrors in its effort to root out dissidents.

The committee is not alone in its denunciation. In the past two years, churchmen, students and international organizations have brought to light sordid stories of terror and torture. Repressive measures have increased dramatically since December 1968, when the military men who have run Latin America's largest and most populous (90-, 840,000) nation for six years sent the Congress temporarily packing and curbed most political activities. Denied outlets for protest, some dissidents turned to terrorist acts ranging from bombing and bank robbery to kidnapping and murder. With estimates of the number of terrorists running as high as 10,000, those responsible for combating the threat—mostly junior-grade policemen and military men—apparently resorted increasingly to torture. As in a number of other Latin American countries, the result has been a savage cycle of terrorism and repression.

Last month, after West German Ambassador Ehrenfried von Holleben was kidnapped, he was ransomed by the release of 40 prisoners, who were flown to asylum in Algeria. One of them, Vera Silvia Araújo Magalhães, 22, had to be carried from the plane; she said that her legs were paralyzed because of brutal tortures that often concentrated on her genitals. Another, Daniel de Araújo Reis Filho, displayed badly scarred arms. Police left him hanging from a beam, he said, "until there was no skin where my arms were placed across the wood."

Others told of being subjected to a mock execution just before they left Brazil. They were herded into the courtyard of their jail, blindfolded, lined up against a wall, and asked if they had any last wishes. Only after they heard the metallic click of bullets being loaded into the rifles of a firing squad were

they put into vehicles by laughing policemen and taken to Rio's international airport for the flight to Algiers.

Messianic Megalomania. Some of the stories may well be exaggerations or fabrications. As one radical who surrendered himself to police earlier this month put it, the really hard-core terrorists are gripped by a "messianic megalomania." Conceivably, they would not hesitate to lie in order to discredit the Brazilian government. A statement from Brazil's presidential palace insisted: "There is no torture in our prisons. Also, there are no political prisoners." Yet President Emilio Garrastazú Méndez has specifically advised his under-

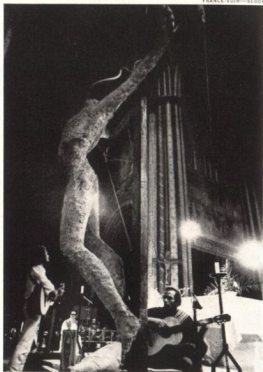
With Brazilian inventiveness, the victims have devised grimly apt names for the various torture techniques. One of the most widely practiced is called the *pau de arara*, or parrot's perch. The victim's wrists are tied together and slipped over his knees. After a rod is inserted between his knees and arms, the prisoner is hoisted into the air, where he hangs helplessly, head down. Using electric coils, the torturers shock the victim on the genitals and anus.

The "dragon's throne" is a chair with a metal seat and back. After being strapped into the chair, the victim is subjected to electric shocks in graduated amounts, usually until he confesses or passes out. Another technique is "the telephone," in which the torturer continuously slaps the prisoner on the ear with a cupped hand, often rupturing the eardrum. A failed dental student, now a Rio policeman, has refined still another technique. The "mad dentist," as he is known, straps a prisoner into his dentist's chair, drills until he hits a nerve and keeps probing until the victim agrees to cooperate. Then he fills the cavity, leaving no outward evidence.

Mangled Hand. Tales of Brazil's torture have evoked many protests abroad. Early this year the Vatican declared: "We must deplore those cases of police torture of which there has been so much talk." Most of Brazil's 245 bishops recently signed a petition demanding that the government "investigate the problem in depth." Archbishop Helder Câmara of Recife and Olinda has been particularly outspoken. "In all conscience, I shall talk openly about torture in Brazil," he told French audiences last May. "I would be a criminal if I did not." Recently, anti-Brazilian protesters in Paris displayed a papier-mâché Christ figure with a tube down its throat and wires attached to parts of its body.

The U.S. State Department has also expressed concern, partly because Brazil has received close to \$1 billion in AID funds since the 1964 military takeover, some of it in the form of technical advice for Brazilian policemen.

Undeniable as the terrorist threat is, the obvious consequence of official overreaction—aside from the appalling human suffering—is that many moderates will be driven into the extremists' camp. A typical response recently came from a minor member of Brazil's opposition, who was picked up for "questioning" about some extremists with whom he was wrongly linked. He left with a hand that was disfigured from having fingernails pulled out and the palm burned with cigarettes. "If I had known where to find a terrorist group," he said after his release, "I would have joined it immediately."



SYMBOLIC CHRIST FIGURE IN PARIS
A sordid cycle of terror and torture.

lings that torture is not to be tolerated.

Médecins' action lends credence to the growing collection of torture stories. "They connected the electric-shock machine and had fun with me," said Sister Maurina Borges da Silveira, mother superior of an orphanage in southern Brazil, who was later flown to Mexico City in exchange for a Japanese diplomat kidnapped in March. Arrested on the charge of giving refuge to subversives, she was stripped naked and thrown into a cell with a man. "I had to remain locked up with him all night, bothered by his advances," she said. Chael Charles Schreier, a former medical student, was seized in a police raid on an underground hideout and interrogated by security police in Rio. Three days later, his body was returned to his family. The medical certificate attributed his death to severe abdominal blows.

PEOPLE

From dawn to dusk, the new hand labored in the parched and infertile fields of Dodoma, the most impoverished province of African Tanzania. Uncomplaining, he hacked at the dry soil with a primitive hoe, guided a plough drawn by oxen, picked ears of maize, ate the local diet and slept in a native hut. **Julius Nyerere**, 48, Tanzania's President, was making an earnest attempt to measure at first hand the depths of his country's need, and to promote *Ujaama* (community villages), the self-help principle through which he hopes to assist Tanzania in alleviating its poverty.

Low on funds as usual, the composer sent a note to his friend Franz Hofdemel, imploring the loan of 100 gulden (about \$500 in today's money). As an added persuasion, **Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart** hinted that as a Freemason, he might be helpful in backing Hofdemel's candidacy for the same order. History does not record whether Mozart repaid the loan. But last week the letter, written in 1789, just two years before the composer's death, brought \$5,738 at an auction in Cologne—more than ten times the asking price.

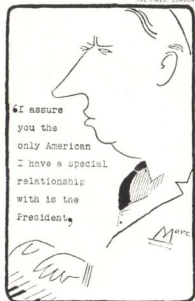
After sailing for 57 days in a 40-ft. reed raft resembling a basket, **Thor Heyerdahl** and his seven-man international crew reached the Caribbean island of Barbados, 3,200 miles across the Atlantic from their point of departure on the Moroccan coast. Happy to have demonstrated with *Ra II* (*Ra I* was abandoned last year 600 miles from Barbados) that the ancient Egyptians, who sailed such papyrus craft, could have discovered America 40 centuries ago, Heyerdahl proudly noted that his vessel had survived its journey intact. *Ra II* will eventually be installed in an Oslo museum alongside an earlier ocean-go-

ing ship of Heyerdahl design: the balsa raft *Kon-Tiki*, which made the journey from Peru to Polynesia in 1947.

Kenya may straddle the equator, but it can get mighty chilly there at night, as Film Star **Jimmy Stewart**, 62, and family discovered on their visit to the country's high (altitude 6,000 ft.) and windy Aberdare Hills. Shivering in the 45° air, Actor Stewart was inspired to write a poem about it—demonstrating that Euterpe is not his muse. Sample: "They've never known the temperature/ Thermometers just fail./ For, when exposed, the mercury/ Just sinks below the scale."

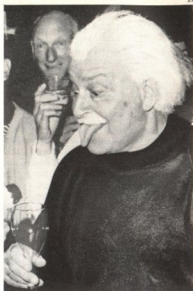
If it were true, the news deserved a larger setting than **Suzy Knickerbocker's** society column, where it appeared: that

THE TIMES, LONDON



Washington Post Company President **Kay Graham**, 53, saw Britain's most eligible bachelor every night during a visit to London and even extended her stay a week. "Absolute nonsense," said a spokesman for Prime Minister **Edward Heath**, 54, and went on to add that Heath's own reaction ranged from "amusement" to "incredulity." Fact was, Kay flew over for the elections. The only time she and the Prime Minister got together was in the intimacy of a mass press conference.

Each summer for 20 years, Conductor **Arthur Fiedler**, 75, has gone to San Francisco to give audiences there a shot of Boston Pops. This year it occurred to Otto Meyer, president of Paul Masson Vineyards and a Fiedler fan, to toast the anniversary with champagne. Fine, said Fiedler—provided there was enough for all 100 musicians in the or-



ARTHUR FIEDLER
Toasting his anniversary.

chestra. No problem there. Every one drank the bubbly to open the 20th season. Said the maestro, with tongue obviously not in cheek: "This is my coming of age."

Never before had a Puerto Rican beauty captured so distinguished a crown. So it was understandable that the island was preparing an enthusiastic reception for **Marisol Malaret Conterras**, 20, the leggy, green-eyed lass (5 ft. 8½ in., 35-23½-35) who won the rhinestone diadem of Miss Universe over 63 other contestants. "A victory for Puerto Rican women!" proclaimed Puerto Rico's Governor **Luis A. Ferré**. He decreed a half-holiday for all government workers, and of course a parade.

Refreshed by the waters at Bad Gastein, the frail old lady detoured to Salzburg just for the chance to sit for a spell on a street bench beneath a vault of beech trees. And why not? The visitor was world-renowned Operatic Soprano **Lotte Lehmann**, 82, and the sign above her white head read LOTTE LEHMANN PROMENADE, an honor that Salzburgers bestowed on Miss Lehmann this month. "It is pleasant," smiled the soprano, who retired in 1951 but still teaches voice, "to rest on one's own street."

After winging down to Rio from concerts in Mexico and Venezuela, U.S. Jazz Pianist **Erol Garner** submitted to reporters' questions about his first love. He predicted the return of jazz to its traditional forms because latter-day composers "ran too fast, crossed the entire country and wound up throwing themselves into the ocean." How come music is the only love in life? Replied Bachelor Garner, 47: "I haven't found a woman who likes jazz 24 hours a day."



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THE LAW

Public Safety and Private Rights

"If we get the tools from Congress," Richard Nixon promised the country just one month ago, "we will use them and we will reduce this rate of crime." The President was addressing himself to a major national concern, but not one of the Administration's 20 major anticrime bills has yet become law. The main reason: bipartisan fear that many of their provisions would jeopardize the rights of the innocent without really giving much practical aid to the forces of law and order.

Last week a House-Senate conference committee agreed on a crime bill for the District of Columbia with its most controversial provisions intact, and the House promptly passed it. Just as promptly, the Senate reopened a vigorous debate. One of the most vociferous opponents is a Democrat who is frequently sympathetic to Administration causes. But North Carolina's Sam J. Ervin Jr. has long been convinced that much of the measure is "as full of unconstitutional, unjust and unwise provisions as a mangy hound dog is full of fleas." Meanwhile the governing board of the American Bar Association, after a special meeting in Chicago, expressed reservations about parts of a separate bill aimed at subduing the organized underworld. Originally devised by another Democrat, Arkansas's John McClellan, the mobster measure was expanded with the help of Justice Department staffers and whisked through the Senate in January. Legal experts have now detected a startling number of sleeper clauses. Their objections have provoked close scrutiny from the House Judiciary Committee.

No-Knock. The D.C. crime bill puts heavy emphasis on strengthening police power to gather evidence. The Fourth Amendment guarantees a person's right to be "secure" against "unreasonable searches and seizures." But what is reasonable? The measure would expand police authority to use bugs and wiretaps against suspected drug pushers, violence-prone radicals, bribers and blackmailers. Critics insist the measure's inclusive language might permit scrutiny of the traditionally privileged conversations between lawyers and clients, doctors and patients, or priests and penitents. Under another provision, policemen could enter private homes without knocking if they had reason to believe that a warning would allow suspects to destroy evidence or prepare for a shootout.

The most violent opposition to the

D.C. bill stems from its acceptance of preventive detention—a procedure that another Administration bill would apply to all federal courts. Some alleged offenders released on bail are rearrested for fresh crimes during long waits for trial in the clogged D.C. courts; preventive detention would permit judges to hold potentially dangerous suspects for up to 60 days. The effort to check recidivist crime, critics charge, would surely result in denial of bail to some innocent suspects, and to others who would not commit further crimes. Moreover, detention hearings might jam the courts still further. Repeater crimes could be

The bill would weaken the legal deterrence to unconstitutional police work. A judge could not disclose any illegally obtained material unless the defendant convinced him that the revelation would be "in the interest of justice." Indeed, if the specific crime for which a defendant was being tried took place five years after any general evidence was improperly obtained, leads derived from that evidence could not be challenged at all.

Official Lawlessness. Such a time limit on rights is clearly unconstitutional, argues the Association of the Bar of the City of New York. With the proliferation of electronic data banks, an association report charges, prosecutors would be encouraged to maintain illegal files on suspects and use the leads after a five-year wait had "cleansed" them. Legal authorities claim that the proposed law is not really needed by prosecutors anyway; when they have justification for thinking that crime is going on, they can make most searches and tapes by obtaining warrants first. Says Herman Schwartz, a wiretap-law expert at the State University of New York at Buffalo: "The provision blows a hole in the entire fabric that the Supreme Court has woven to deter official lawlessness."

Though the measure increases the authority of prosecutors to make witnesses talk by granting them immunity from subsequent prosecution, those who remain silent could be given up to three years in jail for contempt, with no trial and with virtually no chance of bail if they appeal. More might be accomplished by another provision of the bill that authorizes money for protecting witnesses too fearful of revenge to testify. Nor is there much controversy over a section authorizing injunctions against entire gangster-run enterprises which could confiscate their property or require them to sell it off.

Bonus Sentences. Both bills propose stiff sentences for offenders. In the District of Columbia, judges would be prohibited from giving less than five years to anyone convicted of a second armed crime. The organized crime act would let federal judges anywhere give up to 30 years to criminals who had two previous felony convictions or whose crime was part of a vague "pattern of criminal conduct." This would permit not only long terms for mobsters convicted of penny-ante crimes, but it would also let judges impose bonus sentences for alleged conduct that was never proved in a trial. It also gives judges immense discretion in cases not involving organized crime. The New York City bar association contends that a youth who got a suspended sentence on a marijuana conviction and served a few days in jail

DRAWING BY CHUN DAY. © 1970 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE

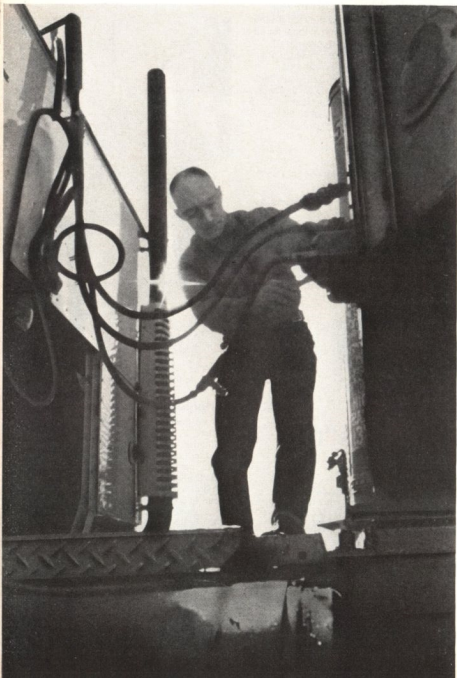


"WELL, WHAT ARE YOU STALLING FOR? INFORM ME OF MY RIGHTS!"

cut more fairly, the opposition argues, by surveillance of bailed suspects and speedy trials. In fact, some of the bill's best sections take just that approach. Bail supervision would be expanded and \$5,000,000 allocated to add 17 trial judges and merge three separate court systems.

McClellan's anti-mobster bill is advertised as an attempt to deal with the frustrations that police and prosecutors meet in dealing with organized racketeers. Recent Supreme Court decisions have knocked down such heavyhanded police practices as raids without search warrants, third-degree interrogations and indiscriminate wiretaps. Even evidence developed as a result of leads from illegal techniques is not admissible in a trial. If a defendant thinks the Government has used forbidden tactics in developing its case against him, he can ask to see all the raw material in order to establish his right to have it thrown out—which occasionally has made prosecutors turn over to mob lawyers years of tap-recorded phone conversations.

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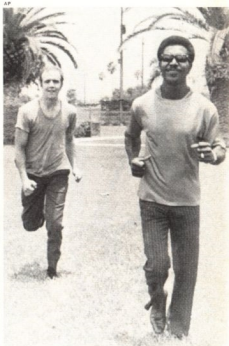
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for unlawful assembly during a demonstration could get a 30-year stretch long afterward for an income tax violation—even if the tax charge normally carried a penalty of only three years.

Some opponents say they would accept many of the Administration's proposals if they were redrawn in such a way that they could not be turned against those whose offenses are trivial—or merely unpopular. Others go further. In a democracy, they say, mobsters have rights too. The most trenchant criticism against both bills is that they tinker with the tools of law enforcement instead of attacking more basic problems: crime-breeding courts and prisons, social inequities and public complacency about vice and corruption.



JAMES v. GLENN
Innocent guys finish first.

Sprint for Acquittal

If an honest man has no need to flee the law, as the maxim says, does a disinclination to run indicate innocence? Frankie Lee Glenn, 30, a Florida laborer, made that case for himself in a Dade County court last week and proved his point with an unusual demonstration. Glenn had been picked up in a bar during a gambling raid. If he had been guilty, he contended, he would most likely have run for it. His experience as a high school sprinter and halfback was all he needed to outdistance an ordinary flatfoot. "We'll see," said Judge Everett Dudley. Acting as starter himself, the judge presided over a 50-yard race between Glenn and Vernon James, the officer who had made the arrest. Glenn won the contest—and acquittal. Verdict: not guilty.

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	Drinks (1 1/2 ounces) Consumed							
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
100	0	1/2	3/4	6 1/2	9 1/2	12 1/2	16	19
120	0	0	2	4 1/2	7	9 1/2	12 1/2	15
140	0	0	1	3	5 1/2	7 1/2	10	12
160	0	0	0	2	4	6	8	9 1/2
180	0	0	0	1	2 1/2	4 1/2	6 1/2	8
200	0	0	0	1/2	2	3 1/2	5	6 1/2

Hours to wait after start of drinking

Prepared by Dr. Leon A. Greenberg
Rutgers University Center of Alcohol Studies

SPORT

The All-Star Thing

Though it will never show in the record books, the niftiest squeeze play of the 1970 baseball season was pulled off by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. When he first announced that All-Star Game selection would be done by the fans instead of the players, the "dream game" suddenly became a nightmare. Customers, rightfully charging that several deserving prospects were left off the ballot, howled about "Bowie's boo-boo." Players complained about the "meaningless popularity contest." As it happened, a large write-in vote rectified most of the injustices of the ballot. And a poll of the players showed that they agreed with twelve of the 16 starters (managers pick the pitchers) selected by the fans. Though Kuhn may not have planned it that way, the controversy served his original intent: provoking interest in what many fans and players have come to regard as an all-star bore.

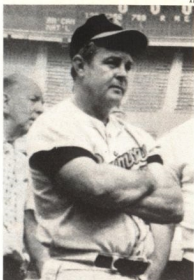
The stirring came none too soon for last week's All-Star Game in Cincinnati's new Riverfront Stadium. Through seven listless innings, the best that the super sluggers of both leagues could manage was nine singles and twelve strikeouts. The first extra-base hit did not come until the eighth inning, when the Orioles' Brooks Robinson tripled and the American Leaguers took a 4-to-1 lead. The National Leaguers, powered by the Giants' Dick Dietz and Willie McCovey, finally woke up in the ninth to tie the score and send the game into extra innings. The spectators who remained, including Richard Nixon, were rewarded with a rare slam-bang finish.

In the last half of the twelfth, the Reds' Pete Rose singled, advanced to sec-

ond, and then came barreling for home on a single to centerfield by the Cubs' Jim Hickman. His way blocked by the Indians' Ray Fosse, Rose hurtled headlong into the burly catcher, knocked him into a somersault and landed splat on the plate for the winning run. "If I had slid," Rose said after the National League's 5-to-4 victory, "I would have broken both legs." As it was, Rose suffered a bruised thigh and Fosse a severely wrenched shoulder—injuries that will temporarily sideline both players. "I'm sorry Ray's hurt," Rose said. Then he added an utterly unnecessary observation: "I play to win."

Not all the performers share Rose's enthusiasm for the All-Star thing. Despite Bowie Kuhn's drum beating for "one of the nation's most glamorous sporting events," some top players would rather take the day off than risk an injury in a game that has no bearing on the pennant race. Recently faced with the prospect of suiting up for his 13th glamorous event, the Pirates' Roberto Clemente said: "To hell with the All-Star Game. I can use the rest." Roberto, who pleaded a "pain in the neck," finally agreed to play—but only after National League President Charles ("Chub") Feeney threatened to crack down on cop-outs. Al Kaline and Dick McAuliffe of the Detroit Tigers had themselves scratched from the A.L. roster because of disabling injuries. Two days before the All-Star encounter, though, both men recovered long enough to play against the Baltimore Orioles.

Beg-Offs. Out of personal pride if nothing else, such stars as McCovey and Dietz turned out for the game despite their very real injuries. Nonetheless, as Yankee Manager Ralph Houk explains:



AMERICAN LEAGUE'S WEAVER
The fire-up fizzled.

"One of the hardest things to manage is an All-Star Game. To begin with, 50% of your players don't want to be there. And 75% want you to get them in and out as quickly as possible so they can catch a plane to someplace. Then the guy you plan on pitching usually comes to you and says, 'I pitched Sunday and I got this little bit of stiffness here in the elbow. If you really need me, well, maybe I can go an inning at the most.'" Baltimore's Earl Weaver, manager of this year's A.L. squad, feels that "if a player begs off, the Players' Association should have a committee to judge him accordingly." Noting that the receipts of the game go into the players' pension fund, Weaver adds: "After all, the money is for them."

Fines for Malingers. The problem of motivation is by no means unique to baseball's All-Stars. Last season, after seven of the ten starting quarterbacks in the American Football League declined to play in the All-Star contest because of supposed injuries, there were cries that malingers should be fined. In professional basketball, a game that turns on practiced teamwork, a meeting of All-Stars is little more than disorganized hotshots gunning the ball at the basket from all angles. Before last week's game, Weaver tried to fire up his team by pointing out that the American League had lost eleven of the past twelve All-Star outings. Trouble is, league allegiance does not run as deep as team allegiance. Thus only the likes of Pete Rose, who is known around the league as Charlie Hustle, would say—and mean: "If I can change the score, I'm not going to worry about getting hurt."

Baseball and other professional sports will continue to hurt as long as they try to pass off All-Star games as do-or-die struggles. To stimulate the interest of fans, most of whom couldn't care less about which league wins, Kuhn & Co. must first stimulate the players.



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MEDICINE

VD: A National Emergency

The global outbreak of syphilis and gonorrhea spawned by World War II came as no surprise to the medical world. Over the past five centuries, there had been massive flare-ups of venereal disease—the worst of them during wartime.* But the World War II epidemic was cut short by the 1945 discovery that both diseases could be cured by penicillin. The numbers of new cases reported annually in the U.S. declined through the 1950s and early 1960s, and venereologists hoped that the twin scourges would soon be wiped out.

Spectacular Rise. In recent years, however, venereal disease has been making a comeback. In 1965, Dr. William J. Brown of the U.S. Center for Disease Control declared that an estimated 650,000 Americans under 20 were annually contracting either syphilis or gonorrhea. Reported cases of syphilis in the past year have risen by 55% in New Jersey, 30% in New York City. Last week Dr. James McKenzie-Pollock of the American Social Health Association reported that there has been a "spectacular rise" in syphilis in the past five months and called for national emergency action to meet the problem.

Epidemiologists do not agree on the causes for VD's current upswing. Health authorities admit that the Viet Nam conflict has had little impact on U.S. health. Many doctors believe that the preliminary victories of penicillin over VD were oversold, and that a false sense of security was created, especially among the young. Some blame the Pill, claiming that oral contraceptives are being widely used instead of condoms. But the use of condoms has actually increased since 1960. Only one thing is certain: no one can satisfactorily explain the current epidemic.

Massachusetts disease detectives, who rank among the best organized in the nation, say that prostitutes are to blame for only about 3% of cases: "They usually know how to take pretty good care of themselves." Male homosexuality is blamed for 16% and heterosexual free love for 81%.

Silent Phase. Untreated, syphilis goes through three principal phases. The early stages may be marked at first by visible sores, later by a rash, and are highly infectious for about a year unless treated. The next is the "silent phase," when the disease is relatively noninfectious and can be detected only by blood test. This may last several years, followed by the late stage, which



VENEREAL DISEASE POSTER
No one can explain the epidemic.

can cause heart damage, blindness or general paralysis.

Gonorrhea is usually considered less serious, but is more "catching." And it can be inapparent in a woman, whose only sign of infection may be a slight vaginal discharge—which might result from a multitude of other causes. A male victim is more likely to seek prompt medical help, as he will probably suffer a painful urethral discharge.

Venereal Vaccines. However they disagree on other matters, medical authorities see an answer to VD epidemics in a combination of case reporting and contact tracing. But the U.S. Government spends only \$6,300,000 a year on case and contact finding; with money from the states and municipalities, used mostly for education, the total spent on VD is less than \$30 million. It seems likely that neither syphilis nor gonorrhea will be eradicated until vaccines against them are prepared. But research on such preventive measures is even more starved of financial support than case finding and treatment.

Auto Crashes and the Heart

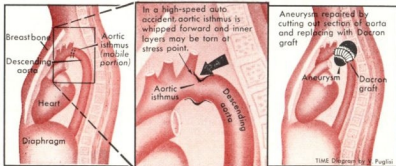
When the victim of a head-on crash is trundled into the emergency room, the first place that the doctors look for serious injury is the head. Then they examine the chest for a broken rib that may have pierced a lung, and finally they look at the limbs. The heart and the "great vessels" adjoining it are usually not examined until much later—if at all. Yet in many cases there is a potentially fatal injury to the aorta, which, if promptly detected, can be corrected by today's advanced surgery.

Occupants of autos involved in smash-ups can be subjected to deceleration forces hundreds of times greater than that of gravity. In sudden deceleration, the sturdy chest wall usually suffers no injury unless it strikes something like the steering wheel; neither does the heart. But the aorta, the largest of the body's blood vessels, is not rigidly held in the area below its arch (see diagram). While the forward motion of the chest wall and heart halts suddenly when the car smashes to a stop, some parts of the aorta keep on moving forward for a fraction of a second longer.

That, in the opinion of the University of Rochester's Dr. Robert M. Green-dyke, is long enough for the huge forces that result to cause the inner lining of the aorta to rupture and balloon out into an aneurysm, or to be virtually sheared off at a point such as its isthmus immediately below the arch.

Aortic Rupture. Greendyke's research confirmed this type of injury in one of every six persons killed in auto accidents. In most cases there were other injuries that would also have proved fatal. But in some, Greendyke is certain, early detection of the aortic rupture would have made life-saving surgery possible.

These conclusions are supported by the *British Medical Journal*, in which surgeons describe four auto-accident cases seen at Harefield Hospital in Middlesex. In two of them the aorta was ruptured; in one, the injury was to the mitral valve, and in one the septum (wall) between two of the heart's chambers was torn. Only a decade ago, there would have been little hope for the victims, but that is no longer true. In all four cases surgery was successful—including two instances in which the aorta was patched with a Dacron graft.



* The first documented outbreak of syphilis, or "the great pox," followed the siege of Naples by the French in 1494, giving rise to the now discounted legend that Columbus' men had brought the disease back from the New World.

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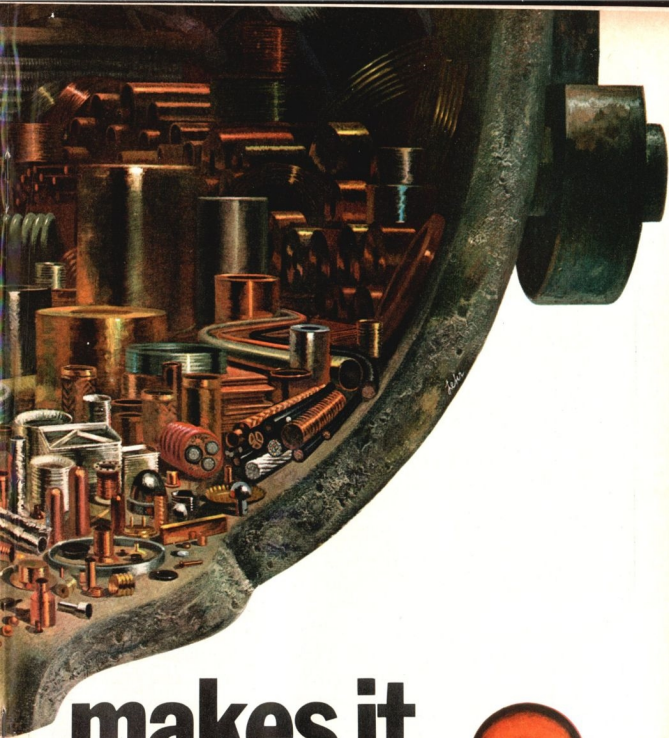
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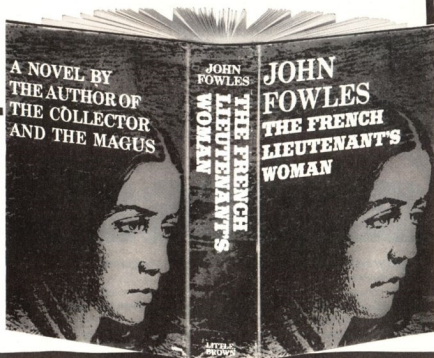


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Little, Brown



SHOW BUSINESS

Awake and Sing

Though the show world has so far found room for only one Barbra Streisand—fortunately—a whole chorus of little girls from Brooklyn and neighboring boroughs have tried to stake out their own corner of the action and of the change. While most of them, including Streisand's half sister, Roslyn Kind, have got lost en route, three are belting along toward the top. The trio of neo-Streisands:

► Karen Wyman (nee Weinman), 17, though barely tall enough to clear a slot machine, played the main room of Las Vegas' Sands the night her class graduated from high school. A demonstration record the year before

► Julie Budd (nee Erdman), 16, is a Brooklyn-born toy Streisand, (5 ft. 2½ in.). She has yet to learn to read music and insists that she has never studied voice. Says Julie: "I just open my mouth and sing." Within the three years since she was discovered on an amateur night at a resort in the Catskills, she has appeared on most of the network variety shows, including *Merv Griffin* for the 34th time last week, and has played Caesars Palace in Vegas with Frank Sinatra. She has a big three-octave range and reaches high C with ease in *Johnny One Note*. Like Karen, Julie belongs chronologically to the Woodstock Nation, but her spirit lies in Tin Pan Alley. Their repertory is mostly golden oldies, and so is their following. "Adults

Hello, Dolly!, and in *Henry, Sweet Henry* the show-stopping *Nobody Steps on Kafiriz* number and a Tony nomination. "I wanted to be more than a belter," says Alice, though she was an overpowering one. But she has never been particularly pushy or pushed. "I wasn't fulfilling my parents' frustrations," she says of her optician father and housewife mother. "They aren't stage parents." Her TV and radio commercials (she has done 45 in the last 16 months) bring in enough money so that she can take college courses and wait for roles "with a little meat and a little thought." She is especially fond of her current one, the lead in off-Broadway's charming *The Last Sweet Days of Isaac*.

Alice will be happy to continue what she is doing. TV casting directors seem seized by an insatiable demand for what she calls "funny-looking little people,"



BUDD



PLAYTEN



WYMAN

Mothers would be happy if they married nice pediatricians.

had won her an appearance on NBC's *Dean Martin Show*. "From hearing your record," the star told her, "I expected some tall, zoffie girl. Are you a midget?" The 5-ft. 1-in. Karen, having steeled herself to be blasé over meeting "this 52-year-old man," found that "he was gorgeous, and I broke out in hives." Karen's voice resembles that of Eydie Gorme; she sings with a wobbly tremolo for effect, but her delivery can be lovely when she forgets to belt. Since Martin, and in addition to Vegas, she has played three *Tonight* shows, Ed Sullivan four times (one will be rerun July 26) and signed a \$250,000 record contract with Decca. In accepted success-story fashion, she has moved her father, a TV repairman, and her mother, who worked as a hospital clerk to pay for her singing lessons, from their Bronx walk-up apartment to Manhattan's expensive Upper East Side.

dig me better than kids," says Julie, though she adds: "My parents are not ready for me." Her father, vice president of a bottling company, is not awed by her \$80,000-plus income, she says, and her mother would be just as happy if "I married a nice pediatrician."

► Alice Playten (nee Plotkin), 22, has emerged as one of Broadway's most felicitous singing actresses. She is best known for her role as the young bride who cooks the tumescent dumpling and muses about marshmallow meatballs in a much remarked Alka-Seltzer commercial. She grew up—or at least to 4 ft. 10½ in.—in Brooklyn's Flatbush and in Queens. Dance classes at the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School led, at the age of eleven, to a singing role in *Wozzeck*, a solo curtain call and a New York Times review commending the "crushing irony and pathos" of her performance. At twelve, she was on Broadway in *Gypsy*. Then followed *Oliver!*,

and she has become one of the brightest and most engaging regular guests on the *Dick Cavett Show*. Karen and Julie, who are shallower performers with more grandiose ambitions, may face problems. Both have graduated from just singing on the talk shows to staying on to chat with the host. But neither seems to have much to say.

Both hope that they are headed for the movies. Julie has started and quit three acting schools ("With all these weird people and the dirty language, I am getting a headache!"). Karen is studying with Speech Coach Dorothy Sarnoff to get rid of her accent. "I'm nadda girl from The Bronx anymore," she says. While their futures promise neither the disasters nor the distinction of a Garland or Piaf, Wyman and Budd are mostly fighting the comparison with Streisand. Of course, as Julie says, "that's better than being compared with, say, Sadie Glick."

MODERN LIVING

The Monsters

Their skin is stiff. Their soles are thick, leaden slabs. Their tongues rival those of aardvarks, and their lightest step can be deafening. It is easy to see why they are called "monsters." And it is all but impossible to miss them. Great, galumphing, paralyzingly ugly, monsters are nonetheless the most visible shoes around today.

Last season women were still able to zero in on occasional slim-heeled, delicate models. These days, it is a staggering task to find a shoe that does not qualify by sheer weight as a lethal weapon, and by overall appearance as the biggest drag on feet since the ball and chain.

The move against graceful footwear started slowly several years ago. Miniskirts get much of the blame: so much leg exposure, it was decided, required a heavy shoe. Accordingly rounded toes were first blunted slightly, next squared off enough to boot field goals. Heels grew plump, then squatted as if to take root. Still, all was not lost: vamps stayed high-cut and flattering, and flimsy straps crossed ankles and insteps without looking like tourniquets. But then came clogs. Wooden-soled and styled like gravy boats, the Swedish imports and U.S. copies did a sellout business last year. After sport shoes went clumpy, it was only a matter of time before all footwear fell into the same ungainly step. The time is now.

"Have you got the Ugliest yet?" ask the ads for Los Angeles' Jay Jordan Shoe Stores. Jordan's does, including a high wedge sandal with heavy straps, all in snakeskin, that prompted one potential buyer to say "I'd rather wear the boxes they came in." The bestseller at Bonwit Teller in Boston is a broad-

CHRISTOPHER SPRINGER—CIVILITY



STUDS & PLATFORMS



STRAPS & CHUNKY HEELS

SQUARE TOES & BUTTONS

banded, thick-soled platform sandal. The hottest number at Chicago's Thayer McNeil is a dark-stained wooden shoe that turns up at toe and heel and stays on because of leather straps nailed hard and fast over the instep.

Patrons at Manhattan's Shoe Biz at Bendel are as fond of the red patent chunky-toed, chunky-heeled style as they are of the white version; it has a platform as high as its heel and is wrapped over and over with what appear to be Ace bandages. Not all monsters are sandals, of course. Some are sturdy leather brogues with heels extending beyond the back of the shoe; others have tongues that take their licks at the ankles, leaving even the slimmest tarsus looking like a giant redwood.

Shoe manufacturers insist that next fall will see a "more feminine" look to shoes. It seems a safe prediction: monsters could hardly get more monstrous. Meantime, with a summer still to get through, the only feasible alternative remains that old standby—the black-soled, five-toed barefoot.

Wheeling Their Way

He is plagued by thieves, insulted by motorists, nauseated by auto exhausts and bedeviled by dogs. Parking-lot attendants overcharge him, traffic cops ignore him, and children pelt him with snowballs. Undaunted, the Great American Cyclist pedals on, propelled by legs he knows are regaining their muscle, energized by a heart sure to be getting the best possible workout—and secure in the knowledge that he is not alone in his passion. Some 64 million fellow travelers are taking regularly to bikes these days, more than ever before, and more than ever convinced that two wheels are better than four.

Both national and local governments have recognized the phenomenal growth of bicycling. The Federal Bureau of Outdoor Recreation recommended recently that 50 miles of urban bicycle paths be provided for every 100,000 residents, and the Department of the Interior has plans for nearly 100,000 miles of bicycle trails and paths to be constructed in the next ten years. Already there are at least 15,000 miles of bike roads in the U.S. Longest is the 332-mile Wisconsin Bikeway, stretching from the



A RIDER & BIKE, AT WORK
Out of the Old West, into the office.

state's eastern edge at Lake Michigan straight across to the Mississippi River. San Francisco boasts a 73-mile bike trail in Golden Gate Park. New York's Central Park drives are closed to motorists and crammed with cyclists every summer weekend. Minneapolis throws open parts of its spectacular parkway system every summer Sunday, and Chicago offers more than 20 miles of bike trails.

Commuting by Bike. Serious cyclists, of course, do not regard the activity merely as a Sunday or vacation sport but as part of everyday existence. Harvard English Professor Joel Porte, for example, sold his car four years ago, and hasn't "even been tempted" to own one since. Instead, Porte, 36, and his wife Ilana, 31, get by on ordinary \$35 three-speed English bicycles; he makes the trip from Belmont, a Boston suburb, to the Cambridge campus in 17 minutes flat. Last week, just before her first baby was due, Mrs. Porte was still running errands by bike.

Actress Doris Day regularly bikes into Beverly Hills to shop and expects to keep it up "even when I'm 80." Doctors and professors at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland frequently commute by bike, as do some members of the Cleveland orchestra—with piccolos, flutes, violins and violas strapped to their backs.

Most dedicated of all, perhaps, is Eugene A. Sloane, 53, public relations director for the Midwest Stock Exchange, who cycles the 25-mile round trip from his Evanston home to his Chicago office every day of the year except in driving rain or a blizzard. On weekends, Sloane, his wife and four kids all go bicycling for a change, often knocking off as many as 100 miles a day. On business trips, he packs his bike onto airplanes, rides it to his hotel and parks it

ALFRED STATLER

in his room. When he isn't actually on a bike, Sloane writes about them: his 400-page *Complete Book of Bicycling* will be published this fall.

Though Bike Fanatic Sloane owns six bikes (ranging in price up to \$300), most cyclists get along on one. But which one? Rolls-Royce of the domestic industry is Schwinn, manufacturer of more than 60 different versions, from a \$35 child's bike to a \$445 handmade tandem (a good idea, according to Eugene Sloane, "if the people are compatible. But if the woman is a dead weight and is going to bitch, forget it").

Although three-speed bikes are still the favorite, lightweight ten-speed models are coming up fast. Bicycling accessories have progressed far beyond the traditional horns, lights, speedometers and pants clips; there are battery-powered electric socks to keep winter cyclists warm, a light-weight reflecting vest that can be folded into a tiny packet, and a can of irritating spray—long beloved by mailmen—to ward off persistent dogs.

Signpost or Tree. Thieves, harder to ward off, are thriving on the bicycle boom. To thwart them, careful cyclists favor three chain locks—one locking each wheel to the frame, the third locking the frame to a stout signpost or tree. But the thieves, using bolt cutters, have no trouble snipping through all but the thickest links. In Manhattan, where bicycle larceny has reached epidemic proportions, many owners who pedal to work no longer consider it safe to leave bikes chained to lampposts outside their office buildings. Like cowboys in the Old West, who could not dare or bear to leave their horses unattended, the cyclists wheel their trusty mounts into elevators and park them in the office, where they are never out of sight of a watchful and loving eye.



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ENVIRONMENT

The Great Land: Boom or Doom

ONLY a few years ago, much of the earth still seemed as desolate and inaccessible as the moon. Now the wastes of Antarctica have been surveyed and found replete with coal; modern cities are sprouting in Siberia. Roads penetrate Africa's rain forests, leading to lodes of tin, bauxite and uranium. Arabian deserts are crisscrossed with oil pipelines; even the ocean depths may soon be farmed and mined.

Yet as men use more and more of the earth's bounty, troubling questions arise. Is it worth cutting the hardwood reserves of the Amazon River basin if the price is the destruction of the thin jungle soil? Should the oil under the North Sea be drilled at the risk of gravely endangering the beaches and wildlife of six nations? Can civilization's need for fuel and other materials be satisfied without despoiling the few wild areas left on earth?

The Lure of Rebirth

Today a dramatic conflict between man and nature is being staged in Alaska. Wild, virtually unspoiled and fabulously rich in natural resources, the 49th state is a testing ground of American values. The Aleuts aptly named the place *Alayshak*, or "Great Land," and modern Alaskans just as properly think of it as America's last frontier.

Everything about Alaska is extreme. It is physically as big as Texas, California and Montana combined—586,000 sq. mi. Just one of Alaska's scores of blue-green glaciers is the size of Holland; one wildlife preserve could hold Hungary. Alaska's 33,000-mile coastline doubles that of all the coterminous U.S. While Port Walter in the southern panhandle is flooded by 18 feet of annual rainfall, the wind-drifted North Slope is an Arctic desert that gets only four inches of precipitation a year. At Fort Yukon in the vast cen-

tral plateau region, temperatures plummet from 100° in the summer to 75° below zero in the winter. To travel from the state capital of Juneau to the outermost Aleutian island of Attu is to span 2,000 miles and four time zones. Yet Alaska has fewer people than any other state: 293,000, the equivalent of Akron.

To conservationists, Alaska's most precious resource is its natural grandeur. The place has twice as many caribou (600,000) as it has people, plus 160,000 moose, 40,000 Dall sheep and 36,000 reindeer. No one who has watched spring come to the Brooks Range is ever quite the same again. After three dark months of frozen silence, the sun reappears as a long, slanting shaft that illuminates only the highest peaks. Each day the light descends, until finally even the deepest valley is bathed in warmth. The ice breaks, roaring like cannon fire, and the ground explodes with color as wild flowers bloom. Big bears stagger out of hibernation. Rivers teem with salmon, grayling and char. Caribou march in long single files toward new feeding grounds. Glacial ice glitters like emeralds and sapphires. The world seems reborn.

Rebirth is the great Alaskan lure: the state is full of escapes from the crowds and pressures of the "Lower 48" states. The frontier spirit is implicit in dozens of fetching place names: Big Fritz, Mary's Igloo, White Eye, Tin City, Hungry, Cripple, Stamped, Eureka, Paradise and Purgatory. It is clear in the state's forgiving customs. There is no death penalty, for example, and if a first-time murderer is a man, he rarely spends more than a few years in prison. For a woman, the usual sentence is six months, suspended. Alaskans see the great land as a gate to self-renewal, freshness, confidence and independence. Says Celia Hunter, a conservationist who lives near Fairbanks: "Life on the outside is



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE KYCHETNIK



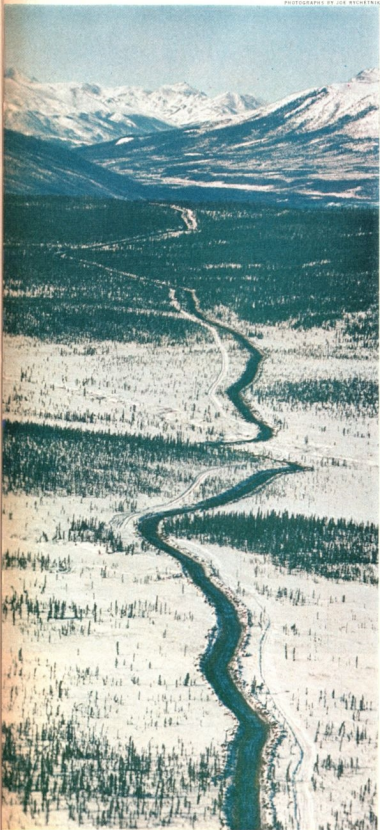
The Last Wilderness: Alaska's Fabled Frontier

As lonely as a lighthouse, BP Alaska's No. 1 oil-drilling rig looms through blowing snow on the North Slope, five miles from the Arctic Ocean. Trucks, whose motors are kept running day and night to prevent freezing, bring

supplies from a nearby base camp. For working in temperatures as low as 70° below zero, roustabouts like the frosted fellow at right are paid \$2,000 a month. They earn it by putting in twelve-hour days, seven days a week.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE WICKETRIX



Looking from the air like the aftermath of a tremendous explosion of ice, Alaska's Brooks Range covers an area the size of Italy. The Sagavanirktok River (foreground) flows north, past the oil fields, to the Arctic Ocean.

The Walter J. Hickel Highway runs 400 miles from Fairbanks to the North Slope oilfields. Heavily used all winter, when the surface is frozen solid, the haul road turns into an impassable quagmire when the spring thaw begins.





Ecologists fear that oil pipelines will upset migration routes of Alaska's 600,000 caribou. They winter in the protected valleys and spruce forests of the Brooks Range, then migrate north to the tundra region in spring. Herd at left is crossing the Koyukuk River.



ITZLER—MILSON

RALPH CRANE—LIFE



JOE RYDER

Few of Alaska's Eskimos and Aleuts, or Haida, Tlingit and Athapascan Indians are benefiting from the oil rush. In the scene above, Eskimos prepare salmon and whitefish for drying at a ramshackle summer camp near village of Kobuk.

Captain Jack Fuller, a Nome hunter, runs a guide and trophy business specializing in Pacific walrus, which weighs as much as a ton. Bull at left with 2-ft. ivory tusks was killed and skinned on ice pack off Alaska in the Bering Sea.

"Nalakutak" (blanket tossing) is still a favorite sport in larger Eskimo villages like Kotzebue (right). At the annual Eskimo Olympics in Fairbanks, championships are decided by the height of the toss and the gracefulness of the tossed.



As part of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service's polar bear research project, James W. Brooks leans from a helicopter to shoot anesthetic dart at a 900-lb. male bear. When the drug takes effect, Brooks measures the bear, removes a small tooth to check its age, then weighs the bear on a hydraulic scale suspended under his helicopter. About two hours later, sporting a purple-dye identification number, the beast groggily prepares to resume its prowls.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOE ARNOLD



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE SYCHETNIK



With 400 takeoffs and landings a day, Lake Hood in Anchorage is the world's biggest float plane base. Road-short Alaska has 8,000 licensed pilots and 4,500 private planes.

The oil boom enables Charter Pilot George Chapman to moonlight on the North Slope during the slow winter season. At right, he averages \$600 a week for piloting an oil company crane.



Anchorage (pop. 46,137) is Alaska's biggest, richest city. Half the state's people live within a 50-mile radius.

not only too crowded but too dull. In Alaska, people feel that what they do and say counts. You don't have quite that in the States. You're individuals here."

Rugged individualism is unavoidable in a roadless land where people routinely fly in frail float planes across massive glaciers, where serious earthquakes regularly rumble and smoking Aleutian volcanoes testify that creation is still in progress. The land's impermanence is matched by its transient population of military men and assorted seekers of fortune in gold, uranium and similar riches.

Home-grown leaders like Alaska-born Elmer Rasmuson, chairman of the National Bank of Alaska, are still relatively rare. More typical is Kansas-born Walter J. Hickel, who arrived penniless in 1940, carved a real estate fortune, became Alaska's Governor and is now U.S. Secretary of the Interior. Those who stay, whether as bankers, merchants or fishermen, share a common pride in having overcome adversity; most dislike "the Outside."

Buy Texas

Alaskan politics is highly individualistic: character is far more important than party affiliation. Jay Hammond, a full-time fisherman and part-time Republican leader of the state senate, comes from a 5-to-1 Democratic district. His fishermen constituents admire his strong personality as well as his fishing skill. H.A. ("Red") Boucher retired from the Navy as a chief petty officer, won \$25,000 on TV's *Name That Tune*, married an Icelandic girl he met on the show, and headed for Alaska. Because of his drive and charm, he is now mayor of Fairbanks, the state's second biggest city (pop. 18,000).

Alaska has its share of militant conservatives. This year an officer of the John Birch Society is running for the state's single congressional seat. Yet Alaska's right-wingers are not easily classified. Channel Pilot Clem Tillion, for instance, is an ultraconservative state legislator who voted to liberalize abortion, and shunned the Birchers because "they tried to tell me what to think."

Boundlessly optimistic, Alaskans have fought and subdued a raw wilderness. Now they must decide how to use Alaska for decades to come: whether to turn it into a vast industrial colony, or preserve its natural grandeur—or somehow do enough of both to improve the lot of all. In ten years, Alaska could conceivably be just another paved and polluted corner of the U.S. With rational planning, it could be something dramatically different: a unique blend of wealth and wilderness. To environmentalists, the challenge is clear; this is the last chance for the last frontier.

The catalyst that turned Alaska into what Ecologist Barry Commoner calls "a living microcosm of the whole environmental issue" is oil. For centuries, Eskimos had noticed seepages on the North Slope; but after World War II, oil companies searched the Slope in vain. By early 1966, Atlantic Richfield (ARCO) alone had spent \$4,500,000 drilling one dry hole.

When ARCO Chairman Robert O. Anderson decided to try just one more time, he was mindful that the U.S. now relies on foreign sources for 20% of its domestic oil supplies. By 1980, if no new oil is found in the U.S., that dependency may rise to 45%—at a time when assorted wars and political crises may well engulf foreign sources. Avid to seize the initiative, ARCO joined Humble Oil in pushing ahead on the North Slope. In March of 1968, the drillers struck oil near Prudhoe Bay within the Arctic Circle, and Alaska's future lit up like a pinball machine. Now Prudhoe Bay's reserves are estimated at 15 billion bbl., three times those of East Texas, the previous giant of U.S. oil. Estimates of Alaska's potential reserves go as high as 100 billion bbl.

The strike was a triumph over the harsh adversary of climate. In winter,

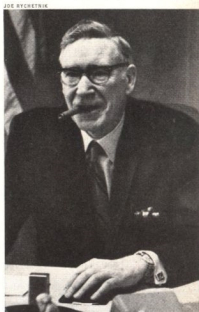
the North Slope is so cold that men work at one-third of their normal efficiency. When one roustabout took off his face mask to shout at a friend, his windpipe froze. Metal equipment snaps like icicles; helicopters are grounded at -30° lest their rotors break. In summer, the ground above the permafrost (frozen subsoil) thaws and turns the Arctic north into a spongy bog that hampers land transportation and defies sewage disposal.

Despite all this, ARCO and seven other companies quickly set out to build the Trans Alaska Pipeline System. A mammoth conduit 4 ft. in diameter, TAPS was to run 773 miles south from Prudhoe to the ice-free port of Valdez, where tankers would load the oil for delivery in the continental U.S. Humble's icebreaking supertanker, *Manhattan*, also bulled through the Northwest Passage to test the feasibility of shipping North Slope oil across the top of North America to East Coast markets. Last September the potential bonanza spurred 15 major oil companies to pay the state \$900 million to lease another 434,000 acres of its North Slope land. The state ecstatically deposited the cash in a savings account (interest: \$199,320.52 a day) until the legislature could decide what to do with it. One early suggestion: buy Texas.

What oil could do for Alaska, a pauper state, is almost incalculable. The first \$900 million is enough to cover all state government expenses for 4½ years. At a flow of 2,000,000 bbl. a day, the pipeline could net the state as much as \$200 million a year in royalties and severance taxes. To those Alaskans who proudly call themselves "boomers" and scorn conservationists, the oil rush promised immense personal gain. Building the pipeline and a 370-mile access road would pump \$1.5 billion into the Alaska economy. Boomers predicted that service industries would proliferate like snowshoe rabbits. The state would need more houses, schools, roads, airports and factories. Demand for unskilled as well as skilled workers would soar.

What Went Wrong?

But the confident forecasts have withered: the pipeline has been postponed temporarily. In Fairbanks, the North Slope staging area, heavy construction equipment worth \$45 million stands idle. With Alaskan unemployment at a high 13% (and 25% in Fairbanks), the state has put up information booths in U.S. airports to warn job seekers not to come north. Scores of small businesses, from auto agencies to gift shops, swelled their inventories in preparation



JOHN ASPLUND

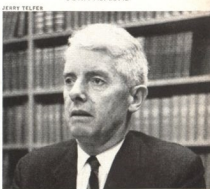


JOE NYCHETIK



CARL INASAKI

ROBERT O. ANDERSON



JEFFREY TELFER

DAVID BROWER



JOHN OLSEN

SUPERTANKER S.S. "MANHATTAN," EQUIPPED FOR ICEBREAKING, BUTTS ITS WAY THROUGH NORTHWEST PASSAGE

for the impending boom. With no customers, many cannot repay loans. Banks are not foreclosing—yet.

What went wrong? Boomers blame "hysterical preservationists," who insistently warned that TAPS could ruin the state's natural wonders. The pipeline would occupy less than 15 sq. mi. of Alaska. Still, it would cross 4,800-ft. mountains, 23 rivers, 124 streams and three active earthquake zones. A single rupture could dump as much as 20,000 bbl. of oil, killing all wildlife for miles around. Moreover, tanker spills off Valdez could irreparably harm Alaska's fishing industry. In Arctic waters, where the cold prevents oil molecules from breaking down, the damage could be drastic.

The biggest TAPS problem would come from burying the pipeline in permafrost; no one really knows how the soil would behave. Oil would enter the pipe at a geothermal temperature of more than 100°; pumping and friction would boost that to 180°. As a result, critics charge, the hot oil might create a "thaw bulb" in the permafrost as deep as 50 ft. If the pipe broke, either by sagging into the mush or by being jolted by an earthquake, the aftermath would make the Santa Barbara spill look like a picnic. Critics also fear breaks at the pipe's lowest points: riverbeds. They paint a stark scenario of rivers, black with crude oil, flowing to the sea with dead fish, birds and animals.

TAPS officials argue that special safeguards, including 73 cutoff valves and aerial surveillance, would prevent any disaster. Even so, last April, conservation groups persuaded a federal judge in Washington, D.C., to enjoin both the pipeline and the access road. Neither can be built, the court ruled, until the Interior Department heeds the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969, which requires a detailed report on the pipeline's ecological effects before the department can issue a building permit. Even without the court order, says Interior Secretary Hickel, his department will block the line until it is proved safe.

Hickel, though, is still an Alaskan and well aware of his state's economic anguish. With his tacit blessing, Alaska Governor Keith Miller clumsily tried to move ahead on the \$120 million access road. He first got his legislature to approve a bill that would allow the state to build the road and then be repaid by the pipeline consortium. Not wishing to risk stockholder suits, the consortium turned down the idea. In order to reintroduce his plan, Miller asked the legislature to return to Juneau early this month for a special session. But when the legislators discovered that the Governor had no new alternatives for them to debate, they stayed home.

Such a defeat for the boom psychology has rarely occurred in Alaska's history, which is a monument to the rugged philosophy that "if you're going to be raped, relax." The first white explorer to see the place was Vitus Bering, a

Dane sailing in the service of Czar Peter the Great. His 1741 voyage was soon followed by Peter's *promyshlenniki* (explorer-colonizers), who swept eastward through the gale-torn Aleutian Islands with the rapacity of conquistadors. Though Peter yearned for an empire, his colonizers found only humble Aleuts and thick-furred sea otters. By 1801, the Aleuts had been decimated by harsh servitude and the animals virtually wiped out by overhunting. In 1867, Russia decided to sell Alaska in order to raise funds for wars with England. To Secretary of State William H. Seward, the land seemed a steal at \$7.2 million, or 2¢ per acre. To most Americans, a few "wretched fish" could not justify the price of what Seward's critics labeled "Iceberia," "Polaria" or "Walrusia."

Delivery Into Throldom

They changed their tune when reports of gold filtered south from Nome and Fairbanks at the turn of the century. Some prospectors came with a pack and left with a bundle. The 1916 copper rush in Cordova was equally ruthless. The mines closed 20 years later, depleted. Only the fish—salmon, herring and halibut—kept the local economy going.

World War II changed the pattern. With the construction of big military bases at Dutch Harbor, Kodiak, Fairbanks and Anchorage, Alaska became more than a massive map sprinkled with names full of harsh *ks* and *rs*. Americans actually had to stay there. On Attu, they fought the second bloodiest battle of the Pacific war (549 American, 2,350 Japanese dead), and the only one on U.S. soil. Nor did peace close the bases. Because Alaska lay close to Russia, the Arctic shore soon sprouted heavily instrumented DEW line stations.

The huge defense investment delivered Alaska into Washington's thrall. Although the fishing and wood-pulp industries were greatly strengthened in the mid-1950s, they did little to alter the flimsy, somewhat colonial economy. Even the discovery of medium-sized oilfields around the Kenai Peninsula and the achievement of statehood in 1959 barely made a difference. Among the few changes was the rising influence of Japan, which now takes 95% of Alaska's exports of minerals, wood and liquefied natural gas. Japan is also investing heavily in Alaska fisheries, pulp mills and mines. But Washington maintains the military bases, accounts for almost 50% of civilian employment, and controls 97% of the land.

The U.S. Forest Service, for example, still sells off timbering rights, most recently in the Tongass and Chugach national forests. The Bureau of Land Management fights Alaska's grim forest fires; four years ago, one fire consumed a tract as large as Massachusetts. The Coast Guard protects the Alaskan fishing industry from constantly marauding Japanese, Russian and South Korean fishermen. As

if to symbolize Washington's dominance, the Federal Building in Juneau is a huge glass-and-steel cube that literally overshadows the rambling old stone statehouse.

Though Alaskans pay lip service to free enterprise, they take government handouts for granted. Perhaps only in Alaska would a Governor confidently ask his legislature to spend \$120 million to build a road for a private industry. Besides, Washington has helped to solve some of Alaska's persistent problems. Unfortunately, far more remains to be done.

Who Really Owns It?

One pressing problem involves Alaska's 57,000 Aleuts, Eskimos and Indians—one-fifth of the population. These natives are probably the U.S.'s poorest citizens. Their average life expectancy is 35 years; the village schools go no higher than the eighth grade. Spread over the state in 200 filthy, littered villages, they have little to do with the economy. Instead, they are patronized. "The typical Eskimo family," a joke runs, "consists of one father, one mother, three children, two anthropologists, one social worker, one economic-development specialist and two counselors."

What the natives need for survival and dignity is land, and Congress must soon resolve the legal intricacies of their claims to Alaska. Back in 1867, the U.S. actually bought only the right to tax and govern Alaska, leaving ownership of its 365 million acres in the hands of the natives. Such a fine legal point did not trouble early settlers, who took possession of their stakes under homesteading or mineral-exploitation laws that are still in effect. To complicate matters further, the Statehood Act of 1958 entitled Alaska to withdraw 103 million acres from the federal domain. Naturally, the state wanted the land with the richest resources. It first picked 2,000,000 acres on the oil-soaked North Slope and claimed that it was free of aboriginal use and occupancy. In fact, most of the land lay under existing native villages or their hunting and fishing grounds. But the state merely published a legal notice in an obscure newspaper that few natives read. When no claimants appeared, the state took over.

Word of that land grab and others spread from village to village. Banding together as the Alaskan Federation of Natives, which represents 18 organizations, the natives elected delegates who took their case to Washington. In 1966, then Interior Secretary Stewart Udall declared a total "land freeze," which expires this December. The natives are asking Congress for 40 million acres, \$500 million in compensation for the rest of Alaska and royalty payments for mineral exploitation. Last week the Senate voted overwhelmingly to offer \$1 billion (over a twelve-year period) but only 10 million acres. The next step is up to the House, which seems ready to give the natives the land they want but not as much money.

Meantime, both federal and state governments are jockeying for special areas of the state. Washington, which might be wisely managing the land, so far has acted merely as caretaker. State policy is crasser. Depending on the Federal Government to preserve parks, wilderness and forests, Alaska is trying to select the prime mineral-rich areas as state land. "The land is the value," says Tom Kelly, Alaska's commissioner of natural resources. Reason: the state gets 100% of revenues and royalties from mineral leases on its own land, but lesser yields from such leases on federal land. Victor Fischer, director of the University of Alaska's Institute of Social, Economic and Government Research, has a word for current land-use planning: "Horrendous."

The natives can, of course, tie up the land in court battles if they are not treated fairly. Already there is some talk in Juneau of a coalition between environmentalists and the natives. "I see no reason why the natives could not make a common cause with the conservationists, fishermen and teachers," says Willie Hensley, a young Eskimo legislator.

"The only decision we cannot make," says Alaskan Ecologist Robert B. Weeden, "is to stay aloof from change." Wherever man has settled in the great land, he has left an ugly mark. Anchorage, rimmed on three sides by mountains, has air-pollution problems like those of Los Angeles. In Fairbanks, ice fogs mix with smoke and auto exhaust to produce a particularly noxious result, and the Chena River, which splits the city, is a sewer. In the desolate village of Eek (pop. 182), sewage disposal is impossible because the water table is practically level with the ground. The only flush toilet in town is disconnected. Human excrement flows in little rivulets down the streets.

The Goddamn Fragile Tundra

Man's impact is worst in the frozen Arctic Circle, where nature's recuperative powers, in effect, go into hibernation. In Barrow, the state's northernmost town, the streets are littered with crippled Volkswagens, discarded tires, bits of lumber and old 50-gallon oil drums. Even on the vast tundra, the tracks of World War II bulldozers are still plainly visible. Scars from 30-year-old seismic tests are unhealed. Debris remains and remains, its decay slowed by the cold. A piece of wood was recently retrieved from a depth of 1,400 feet, where it had been lodged between two coal seams many millions of years old. It looked like a fresh chip. In 1968, a search party dug up the body of Charles Francis Hall, an explorer who was buried in a shallow grave at Greenland in 1871. He was almost recognizable.

In the slow-motion rhythms of Arctic life, a crop of simple lichen may take 100 years to grow to maturity—a few inches high. Arctic char, a staple Eskimo food, keeps on growing for 18 years. Migratory birds—lesser Canada geese, eider ducks, American pintails, whistling swans, Brant geese

SHOWGIRLS DANCE IN A SKAGWAY STREET LINED WITH FALSE-FRONT HOUSES FROM GOLD RUSH DAYS

RALPH CRANE—LIFE



The Vanishing World of Trapper Joe Delia

Nowadays, trapping is on the wane, a victim of the fake fur, depressed pelt prices, new roads and population growth. Such is the lure of the Alaskan wilderness, though, that perhaps 110 professional trappers are still at large. TIME's San Francisco Bureau Chief Jesse Birnbaum visited one of them, Missouri-born Joe Delia, 40, a tall, rugged woodsman with hard, spatulate fingers, a laughing face and an abiding love for the outdoors. Birnbaum's report:

JOE DELIA arrived in Alaska in 1948, worked for a while in Ketchikan, then drifted over to the Skwentna region, where he built a cabin and started trapping. Skwentna is good mixed-fur country—mink, marten, lynx, wolf, otter, beaver, muskrat. Fifteen years ago, trappers got good money for these pelts. Minks, for example, brought about \$36 each; today Joe Delia is lucky to average \$10. Lynxes, on the other hand, have improved. You can get \$60 apiece—when you find one: the reproduction cycle has made this animal scarce.

"When I was single," Joe recalls, "I didn't even have a coat. I had an old canvas parka and I kept warm by just travelin' fast. I didn't even have a clock. I didn't care what time it was. I got up when I felt like gettin' up and I ate when I felt like eatin'. In fact, I didn't own a radio; I didn't care much about what was goin' on in the outside world."

Delia built a trap line through the Skwentna country, setting up little tent camps and cabins along the way at about ten-mile intervals. "I've got 75 miles of trap line here. I had 125. When I got married, I'd leave home and spend each night in a different cabin with my dog team. I'd be gone twelve days, makin' about two trips a month. But it was too much. As my responsibilities at home got more, I had to cut some of the line out, so I sold about 50 miles of it. Now, with the snowmobiles, I hardly ever use the cabins."

The nice thing about a snow machine, Joe adds, is that it enables him to get home every night. Sometimes he takes his wife Carlene, 31, and his two children (nine months and four years old) down the trap line. They always take two machines: if the weather turns mean or if one of the machines breaks down, they can be sure of getting the kids back to Skwentna safely.

Before the advent of the snow machine, Joe used dog teams. But they were a problem. You had to feed them. Prior to statehood, which brought tight restrictions on fishing, Delia and a partner fed their dogs on salmon fished from the Skwentna River and Eight-Mile Creek. "We used to put fish nets in the rivers and cricks and get maybe 2,500 to 4,500 salmon, just to feed our teams. But then the state fish and game

people stopped us from usin' the fish wheel. Then they stopped us from usin' nets, and then they closed it altogether for that type of fishin'."

With fur prices so undependable, there is scarcely a trapper working in Alaska today who does not look for extra income. In the summer, Delia works for the FAA people at the Skwentna airstrip. His wife is postmistress (the post office is in their log home on the Skwentna River), and adds to the family income in that way.

"Trappin' alone we'd starve to death," he says. "Oh, we could make it all right, but just the trappin' even for a single man, you can hardly afford the gas

sin' around with private property all the time already. You even have to get a permit to cut wood. In ten years, I look for a road through here."

You can already see the change when you go hunting. "Used to be we could go up the river in little ten- twelve-foot canoes, you'd see grizzly bear in the middle of the day and all the time. Seldom any day went by without at least seein' five bear. And man, today, with air traffic, you hardly ever see a bear in the middle of the day. First sign of an airplane or an outboard engine, they're right back in the bush."

And what of Alaska's promised new prosperity? Joe Delia has some doubts about it all. "We got two extremes now with this oil business," he says. "We got one guy, he don't want oil to work at all—and the state needs that oil. Our economy is pretty bad off without. The other guy, he wants to go all the way and not do anything to protect the natural environment. Most people come to Alaska to get away from the rat race outside. And you know, if we ruin our natural resources, well, there it goes."

"For me, I'd rather see a happy medium. I'd like to see some woods and some animals around, and a place where a guy can get out once in a while, hunt and fish without tanglin' lines with fifteen other people down the line. But the oil is bound to bring in people, and it's bound to lose that old Alaska. A lot of places you don't even see it any more. You see locks on cabin doors. Heck, the only cabin I got with a lock on it is the post office, and it has to be locked. I don't say it's good or it's bad. People got to go somewhere, and I guess there's not much room for them down below. But it's bad from my viewpoint. I like lots of room."

"Even so, my wife and I have it pretty good compared actually to what we did have. We haven't got indoor plumbing yet, but we've got runnin' water during the summer with a little electric pump. Once in a while, we talk about sellin' out and movin' into town to give the kids education, but the more I read about colleges, I'm not so sure I want to do that. Both my wife and I think we're pretty fortunate to be able to have a few freedoms left, to not have to conform. Like in town, I guess you can't even work on your house unless you get a permit. Well, that don't go too good with me. If I decide I want to drive a nail or two or put up another wall, well, I just go on and do it. About six years ago, Carlene and I went to the States to stay for a couple of months, but we couldn't take it. We only lasted about two weeks. So we're goin' to try to hang on here. We still have a big garden, and we get a lot of moose meat. I hope we don't have to leave. It's sort of a shame to me that people can't live out like they used to."

JESSE BIRNBAUM



DELIA

for your outboard engine. Trappin' for me is more a fill-in now. I sold 53 mink and 45 marten this fall for \$1,100, and sold about \$900 worth of pelts this spring. Guidin' is my main income now. As a guide for one of the big outfits, I get \$45 a day, eleven hundred a month guaranteed. By taking out my own hunters, I make fifteen hundred in two weeks. However, that takes me away from home for three months at a time.

"As far as the professional trapper is concerned, he's just about gone. Take this country here. In recent years, there's been oil exploration. Last year they were drivin' pickup trucks through the woods here—ten, fifteen miles from Skwentna! It brings in people, and there's not any room. Right now, almost every bit of land around here is privately owned. Some of your best trapping is around lakes, and that's your most desirable property. So you're mes-

—must time their breeding to the day. If winter is unusually long, a whole species may achieve zero population growth because it lacks time to hatch and rear its young before the ice begins to return in late August.

The far north is a simple ecosystem with few distinct species. While a lake in California may contain several hundred species of phytoplankton, an Arctic lake has only a dozen. This lack of diversity, in ecological terms, is tantamount to vulnerability. Any species can be wiped out and no other species will take its place. The result is expressed in a word that many Alaskans have come to hate: fragility. Says Walter Hickel: "It used to be the hostile, frozen north; now it's the goddamn fragile tundra."

Into this delicate if hostile world, man has burst as a stranger. "There is a new urgency for knowledge of the tundra," says Zoologist Frank Pitelka of Berkeley. "We now have a Texas-size threat to a land doubtfully able to take it." In the past two years, however, the major oil companies have compiled an excellent record. They have hired Arctic ecologists to help minimize the effects of their presence, even going so far as to develop hardy strains of grass to protect the tundra. Helicopters move whole drilling rigs to avoid ripping up the topsoil. Three companies have built their own highly advanced sewage-disposal units to prevent pollution of the ground water supply. No Alaskan city, in fact, can yet match those units.

But the real test—moving the oil—has not yet been met. TAPS has spent, its officials say, \$16.5 million so far on soil tests and aerial photographic surveys of the line's route across Alaska. "If we embarrass the Administration with any sort of ecology problem," says a Humble executive, "we will be crucified." Plans call for the "best pipe ever used by the oil industry," he adds. Electronic monitoring devices and 30-ton safety locks would turn off the pipeline's pressure five minutes after a leak was spotted.

An Uncertain Future

Despite all this, the U.S. Geological Survey has still not approved TAPS' plans. The key issue is how much of the pipe will be buried in the permafrost and how much will be elevated above it. The Geological Survey feels that 50% of the line should be raised on stilts over the unstable ground. TAPS wants to bury 90% of the line where it will be safe from vandals. Besides, lifting the pipe on stilts costs about 25% to 60% more per mile than burying it—quite an increment on a \$1.7 billion job. Details clearly have to be worked out. Ray Morris of the Federal Water Quality Administration describes the first plans that he saw last year: "We reviewed cartoons. That's what they were—cartoons."

Under the circumstances, it is no wonder that the oil companies still talk of sending icebreaking supertankers to butt through the Northwest Passage. "The very idea of transporting oil through the Arctic ice packs in 250,000-ton tankers causes ecologists to go green at the gills," says Zoologist Douglas Pimlott of the University of Toronto, "because sooner or later one will sink" and oil and icy water clearly do not mix.

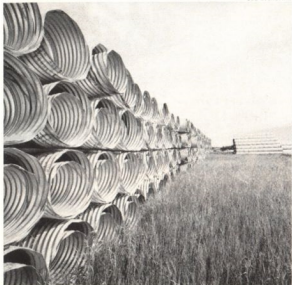
To some people, the Alaskan environment is more precious than the oil. Conservationist David Brower, president of Friends of the Earth, argues that oil withdrawals should be rationed for several centuries. Others feel that the environment is secondary to more pressing priorities. Oil executives, for example, point out that as long as the U.S. insists on its cars and all the other machines requiring fuel, oil companies will have to supply the demand. As one oil man puts it: "We are a high-energy society, and oil generates 75% of our energy." Politicians talk of "national security"—meaning both the economic well-being of Americans and the ability of the U.S. to stand firm against foreign threats to cut the international flow of oil.

The fact is that even with the North Slope strike, the U.S. will never again be self-sufficient in oil. When Prudhoe Bay crude starts flowing to the lower 48 states, it will satisfy only 5% of the U.S.'s annual demand. The rest will continue to come from Texas, Louisiana, California—and foreign producers. Beyond that, there are other potential oil sources, although admittedly uncertain and still in the far future. Some experts envision a North American energy market that would tap

Canada's vast, undeveloped supplies. When the world's oil wells are fully depleted, there will still be immense reserves locked away in tar sands and shale. By then, nuclear energy will help to supply the "high-energy society." All this does not mean that Alaskan oil is unnecessary to the U.S. It does mean that it can be developed gradually and with suitable environmental controls. Its impact should be judged primarily in relation to the needs of Alaska.

If the oil boom is regenerated, it may not directly affect two persistent areas of poverty—seasonal unemployment in the fishing and wood-pulp industries, and the exclusion of the natives from the economy. But it would obviously benefit the economy generally, especially the real estate, construction, retail-trade and mineral-exploration industries. The key question is what Alaska will do with the cash that oil pays the state in leases and royalties. Alaskan Economist Arlon R. Tussing suggests that "the only way to guarantee that the money does any good to most of us is to hand it out to the people. The state should form an investment company, something like a mutual fund, and distribute the stock to Alaskans on the basis of one share for every year of residence in the past 15 years." In this way, a family of

JOE HYCHNIK



STACKED PIPE NORTH OF FAIRBANKS
Cartoons were not good enough.

five could expect an annual income of about \$2,500 from the first \$900 million lease sale alone.

Though Tussing is only half serious, the bet is that Alaskans will not repeat the mistakes of this year's postponed boom. The state legislature can surely do better. In its last session, which ran a record 147 days, precious little was accomplished in long-term planning. The lawmakers had a "Blueprint for the Future" prepared by the Brookings Institution in Washington. Governor Miller preferred to order up his own study by the Stanford Research Institute. Result: ineffectual bickering about differences between the two versions. Still, one of the charms of the Alaskan legislators is that they have a particularly close relationship with their constituents. Since most Alaskans were either burned or scared by the boom's failure, both the lawmakers and the Governor are now determined to control the state's future.

Many citizens already have high hopes. John A. Carlson, borough chairman of the Fairbanks area, yearns for new industry to come to his city and make it truly the "golden heart" of Alaska. He is not thinking of the jobs that will result, but of the taxes he desperately needs to clean up the appalling mess in Fairbanks. "You cannot fight pollution without money," he says. Anchorage, which is in much better condition, needs strong planning controls. "We have grown so fast that the land

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Tests by doctors on hundreds upon hundreds of patients showed this to be true in many cases. The medication the doctors used was *Preparation H*—the same Preparation H you can get without a prescription. Ointment or suppositories.

can no longer absorb us," says John Asplund, chairman of the Greater Anchorage Area Borough, a form of urban supergovernment.

"We've got to reverse the entire American pioneer act," State Senator Jay Hammond says. The great—and fragile—land is patently incapable of holding an unlimited number of people. Most planners believe that twice as many people as now may well be quite enough. The old theory that Alaska's sheer size and emptiness can absorb any insult without ill effect has by now been disproved by all too many examples. Instead, new growth must be selective and controlled.

A vital first step would be to establish a federal-state land commission to plan and zone all of Alaska. This can be done because the 49th state is still mainly wilderness, most of it controlled by the state and federal governments. The old mining and homesteading laws should be reformed to prevent continuation of the present system of irrational first-come, first-served claims. In addition, a partial land freeze should be continued until present surveying and assessing programs by federal agencies can be completed. With 20 more planners, the U.S. Bureau of Land Management estimates, it can classify all Alaska by 1980.

Frontier Mythology

Unlike the radical conservationists and doomsday ecologists in the lower 48 states, Alaska's environmentalists do not object to growth—as long as it is controlled. Thus Ecologist Robert Weeden asks for a "land ethic" that would avoid urban America's pollution, develop recreation areas and "help defend those delightfully 'useless' animals, plants and empty miles that might be the ultimate salvation of man."

Nor is Weeden's vision unrealistic. Alaska could absorb more good settlers and many more tourists than the 100,000 who now visit the state each year, mainly the southern panhandle. But the state badly needs highways, railroads, hotels, ski areas and more public parks—new lures for urban Americans as well as Japanese, who are relatively near. With rational resource planning to pay the bills for such development, Alaska should face a magnificent future. As Weeden suggests: "The world needs an embodiment of the frontier mythology, the sense of horizons unexplored, the mystery of uninhabited miles. It needs a place where wolves stalk the strand lines, because a land that can produce a wolf is a healthy, robust and perfect land. But more than these things, the world needs to know that there is a place where men live amid a balanced interplay of the goods of technology and the fruits of nature."

In this sense, Alaska is not so much the last frontier as the new frontier: the place to prove that Americans can live in harmony with the environment, not abuse it.

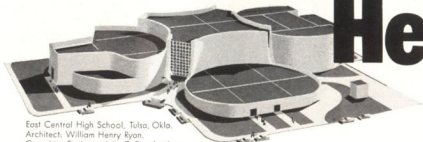
America is switching to the matchless economies of Electric Heat.



Lockport Public Library, Lockport, Ill.
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Consulting Engineers: K-C & M Engineers
& Associates, Inc.



Potomac, Maryland home.
Builder: David C. Smith.



East Central High School, Tulsa, Okla.
Architect: William Henry Ryan.
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BEHAVIOR

The Military Psychiatrist

As the movie *M*A*S*H* makes chillingly clear, war, the killing art, and medicine, the healing art, are fundamentally incompatible. Whether to patch the wounded soldier so that he may live to kill again or be killed presents an ethical dilemma to some doctors. Because of this dilemma, Dr. Howard Levy, inducted into the U.S. Army Medical Corps, chose to serve three years in prison at hard labor rather than teach dermatology to a group of Green Berets (TIME, June 9, 1967).

For the psychiatrist in uniform, the problem can be even more distressing. Within the spirit of his profession, how can he morally justify his military duty, which is to "adjust" to the brutalities of combat a mind that has rejected those very brutalities? In a crisis of conscience similar in many respects to Physician Levy's, Daniel Switkes, 28, a psychiatrist drafted into the service, has asked to be restored to civilian status. Switkes has seemingly lost his case. Last week, after a federal district court in New York City refused his appeal to continue stay of orders, he found himself awaiting shipment to Viet Nam as a general medical officer rather than a practicing psychiatrist.

Within the Unit. This disposition, which Switkes' superiors say is based on his medical background and training, answers none of the questions that the young captain began raising as soon as he was assigned to psychiatric duty at Fort Knox. Because the Army sets the welfare of the unit above that of the individual, Switkes argued, the psychiatrist is forced to pervert his true role as a therapist. In military service, he says, "the well-adjusted personality becomes the one which can function within the unit, not the one at peace with itself."

Furthermore, said Switkes, he was routinely expected to violate one of psychiatry's most sacred tenets, privacy of treatment, by reporting the content of psychiatric sessions to his superiors. In fact, there is little room for privacy in the military approach to psychotherapy, principally a system called "mental hygiene consultation," in which the soldier-patient is visited by a team consisting of his immediate superior (usually a non-com), his commanding officer and a psychiatrist. It is often those very superiors who are at the root of the soldier's problem. To Switkes, this was less therapy than "group intimidation," in which the attending psychiatrist plays merely a consultant role. Disposition of the case rests not with him but with the C.O.

Daniel Switkes is only one dissenting voice among some 300 psychiatrists now serving in the Army. But he is by no means alone. Yale's Robert Jay Lifton, a research professor of psychiatry

and a former Air Force psychiatrist in Korea, says: "I think that when a psychiatrist represents any institution, that in itself creates problems. The psychiatrist has some need to further the interests of the institution, possibly at the expense of the best interests of the patient."

When the institution is war, says Lifton, psychiatry may be forced to turn against itself. To a degree, this is true of all wars, but it is excruciatingly true of the Viet Nam War. If the combat veteran suffers anxiety, guilt or confusion over his role, the psychotherapist should, ideally, help the G.I. examine his actions and emotions more closely and feel them more acutely. "But if the psychiatrist were to do so," Lifton says, "most G.I.s in Viet Nam whom he treated would refuse to continue fighting." Hence, as Emory University News



PSYCHIATRIST SWITKES
A perversion of role.

chiatrist Peter Bourne has said with conviction, "Military psychiatry is a contradiction in terms."

In defending itself against such challenges, the military pleads a much larger purpose than the emotional well-being of the individual soldier. As long as armies exist, that defense possesses a certain logic. Says Colonel Matthew D. Parrish, chief of Army psychiatry and creator of the mental hygiene consultation approach: "The mission of Army psychiatry is to serve the mission of the Army," not the individual. The individual, indeed, is seen by the military as merely part of an organism, of a fighting team, the effectiveness of which is threatened by the loss of any member. Thus the psychiatrist's role is to restore the health of the unit by bracing its weak spots. In the end, this position is justified only if war itself can be justified.

MILESTONES

Died. Dr. Eric Berne, 60, psychiatrist and author of *Games People Play*; of a heart attack; in Monterey, Calif. As a group therapist, he observed that people acted and reacted in repetitious, lightly defined ritual "games." After further casework and analysis buttressed his findings, he invented breezy names (*Frigid Woman*; *Now I've Got You, You Son of a Bitch*; *I'm Only Trying to Help You*) and published *Games* in 1964. Intended for therapists, the book scored a sales blitz (650,000 hard-cover, 2,000,000 paperback). It also attracted criticism from Berne's colleagues.

Died. George V. Allen, 66, director general of the Foreign Service Institute and twice an Assistant Secretary of State; of a heart attack; in Bahama, N.C. A diplomat who rose to the rank of Career Ambassador, Allen served as envoy to Yugoslavia, India, Nepal, Iran and Greece, before becoming director of the U.S. Information Agency (1957-60). After retiring, he was appointed president of the Tobacco Institute, a position he held until being recalled to head the Foreign Service Institute in 1966. Often mistaken for George E. Allen, jolly friend and collector of Presidents (Roosevelt, Eisenhower), Ambassador Allen was once erroneously ushered into Eisenhower's White House study. Said Ike: "Oh, it's you."

Died. John J. Anthony, 68, for 20 years a radio counselor on love life ("Mr. Anthony, I have a problem"); of a heart attack; in San Francisco. A spare, mustachioed man who never finished college, his avocation was the reform of what he called "the inequities of the marriage laws."

Died. Lieut. General Leslie R. Groves, 73, chief of the World War II Manhattan Project, which developed the first atomic bomb; of a heart attack; in Washington, D.C. A career Army engineer, Groves was selected in 1942 to lead the crash program that eventually employed 150,000 scientists, engineers, technicians, military men and others. Three years of all-out effort culminated on July 16, 1945, in the first plutonium bomb test at Alamogordo, N. Mex. The following month two atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. During the debate over nuclear morality that followed, Groves wrote in *Now It Can Be Told*: "The atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki ended World War II. While they brought death and destruction on a horrifying scale, they averted even greater losses—American, English and Japanese."

Died. L. Wolf Gilbert, 83, composer of *Ramona*, *The Peanut Vendor*, *Green Eyes*, *Lily of the Valley*, *Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee* and dozens more; of a stroke; in Los Angeles.

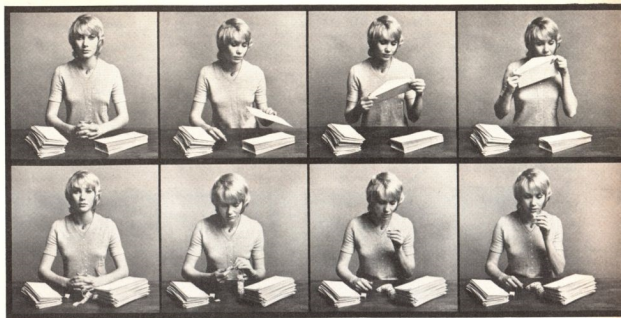


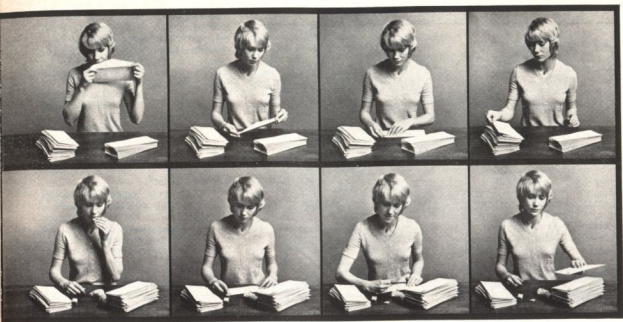
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MUSIC & DANCE

Movie Time at the Opera

Long before movies had sound tracks, people were putting opera onto film. *Carmen*, *Manon Lescaut*, *Thais*, *Tosca*—all went their voiceless way before the primitive cameras. Even Caruso waved his arms and moved his mouth while the audience tried to believe silence was as golden as the great Enrico's top tones. After World War II, the Italians went in for opera movies in a big way. Often bulky prima donnas and bel canto stars sang for the mikes while prettier people pantomimed for the cameras, pretending that they were doing the singing. It rarely worked, although there was something to be said for hearing Renata Tebaldi's voice coming out of Sophia Loren's capacious rib cage. Most

not only knew nothing about vocalism but frequently seemed to know even less about acting. When real singers were used, they were told that singing looked ugly and that they should behave as if they were talking. Singers embraced or smiled wetly at one another with barely parted lips while their voices screamed away at high Cs. It looked as incredible as it sounded.

The new movies at the festival are also dubbed, but by the same cast that does the acting. The dubbing seldom shows, for the performers are obviously giving full voice for the cameras. Throat muscles bulge, diaphragms pump, mouths shape themselves for vowels. It does not look ugly at all; it looks real, and often remarkably exciting.

In the best of the films—those originally produced for German television by Rolf Liebermann and the Hamburg State Opera—there is an implicit and welcome admission of what opera can and films should not do. "Opera is the most stylized, artificial of the arts," says Liebermann. "We're transposing it into film, the most realistic medium. Our productions don't make a pretense of reality; they accept the basic unreality and take it from there." Expert film editing clarifies complicated ensembles. Hand-held cameras bring the audience into the midst of crowd scenes, pausing to take in important conversations. *Die Meistersinger*, the best film in the collection, is a case in point. Hans Sachs (magnificently performed by Giorgio Tozzi) delivers his long *Wahmmonolog* while the camera looks him square in the eye; Wagner does the rest. When visual action dominates, as in the *Meistersinger* riot scene, the camera is a participant in a bedlam of fists, heels, hurtling bodies and smashing furniture.

Fashion Conscious. There are, however, some errors of judgment and direction and the sound is often less than stereo fidelity. When Regina Resnik's Clytemnestra (in the Hamburg *Elektra*) is in full cry, the camera suddenly becomes fashion conscious: it stoops and meticulously inspects her hemline (floor length). In an otherwise masterful *Così fan Tutte*, the camera focuses mostly on a collection of ambulatory bird cages, making nonsense of Ferrando's aria, *Un' aura amorosa*.

Artists come off differently under photographic inspection. Tenor Jon Vickers is a powerful stage actor, but he seems meek and calculated in *Carmen* and *I Pagliacci*. Raina Kabaivanska, a bland personality at the Met, emerges as a film actress of subtlety and range. Best of all is the Hamburg Opera's leading lady, American Arlene Saunders, who illuminates her roles with humor, and warm, emotional singing.

The finest of the opera films achieve theatrical effect by cinematic means. The Berlin Deutsche Oper's version of Hans Werner Henze's sardonic *The Young*

Lord, for example, hits harder than would be possible in a stage production. In this grim fable, the citizens of a small town foolishly ape the eccentricities of what they believe to be a wealthy aristocrat; at the end they discover that the object of their idolatry is in fact a real ape. Stripped of pretense by the cruel joke, the people stare helplessly at the ape while the camera mercilessly moves from face to face. Henze's music provides the ammunition. It is the camera that delivers the *coup de grâce*.

■ Robert T. Jones

Exalted Kitch

Folk dance, by definition, is an art of the people. One of the curious achievements of Russia's Moiseyev dance company, which opened its first U.S. tour in five years at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House this month, is to make folk dance seem almost aristocratic in spirit. What country commoners could ever attempt, let alone master, those split-second polka whirls and partner changes, those muscle-straining *prizidkas* done at trip-hammer speed, those leaping, Olympic-height splits? This is dancing performable only by a gifted few—a disciplined and rhythmic elite of superbly talented athletes.

To be sure, the company's dances bear about the same relationship to authentic folk art as do, say, the *Irish Songs* of Beethoven. They represent, rather, exalted and stylized kitsch—a form of pop ballet in which folk elements are woven into a formal dance structure created by the company's founder and artistic director, Bolshoi-trained Igor Moiseyev, 64. A prolific choreographer (more than 200 separate works in all), Moiseyev has brought along three new items for the current tour.

Burfoons, set to a theme from Rimsky-



TOZZI & SAUNDERS IN "MEISTERSINGER"
Full voice for the cameras.

of these movies had limited exposure, and despite a few more recent star-oriented efforts (*Traviata* with Anna Moffo, for example), to the general public they seemed as boring as an *aria da capo*.

No Longer. Last week New York's Philharmonic Hall was midway through a festival of twelve operatic films, most of them new to the U.S. (*Don Giovanni* from the 1954 Salzburg Festival has been included for its historical value). Obviously, the producers and directors either have seen all the old efforts and learned from them or, more likely, have never seen any of them. All the festival productions are worthwhile purely as examples of filmed drama. Several of them are so good that they suggest opera may have as healthy a future on celluloid as on the boards.

The worst mistake made by the old films was dubbing. On the assumption that singers can't act, the dramatic assignments were given to actors who



MOISEYEV DANCERS
A spectacle close

Korsakov's *The Snow Maiden*, is a robust, circus-like satire on Old Russia, with a drunken boyar, a devil wielding a pitchfork and a troupe of gymnastic, gnomish clowns. The other two novelties are internationally flavored departures from Moiseyev's customary exploration of the Russian heritage. *Sicilian Tarantella* is a festive evocation of Italy's traditional folk dance, while *Gaucho* is a foot-stomping challenge match for three male soloists, dressed like Argentine cowboys on parade. The Latin rhythms have the right ring, but Moiseyev's cowboys look like Cossacks in disguise, and his Sicilian peasants might just as easily be performing a traditional specialty of Turkestan.

Motorcycle Monks. The rest of the program is devoted to a sampling of the company's favorite show-stoppers; familiarity does not dim their luster. In *Partisans*, a cadre of dancers glides mysteriously across the stage in voluminous black cloaks, suggesting a team of monkish motorcycle racers. The finale is perhaps the most extraordinary Moiseyev dance of them all—a Ukrainian *gopak* in which half a dozen tireless soloists outbound each other in a sequence of eye-dazzling maneuvers that defy both gravity and credibility.

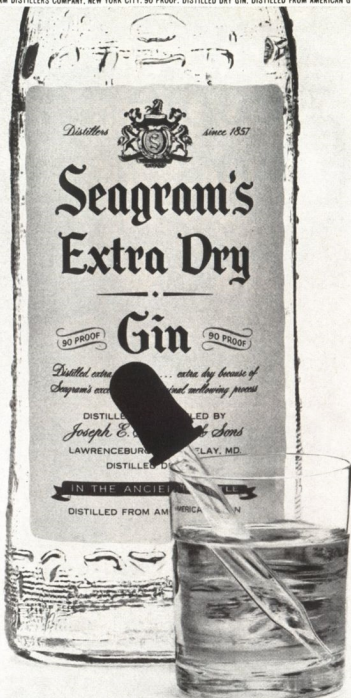
The Moiseyev company can be faulted only on small particulars. The pedestrian music, leaning heavily on accordions and weepy gypsy fiddling, sounds like the score for a Mosfilm B movie. The attempts at drama and narrative, as in a cycle called *Pictures of the Past*, are crude caricature. But there is no arguing with the visual poetry of the performance. The Moiseyev dancers offer great spectacle rather than great art—but that spectacle comes breathlessly close to perfection.

■ John T. Elson



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RELIGION

The Bishop from Petricula

All night long the thunderstorm had roared over Rome, hurling lightning bolts into the city at three places. Then on Monday morning, July 18, 1870, it abated briefly, allowing the 535 Fathers of the First Vatican Council to assemble in St. Peter's Basilica. Before them lay a historic document. In matters of faith and morals, it declared, when the Roman Pontiff speaks *ex cathedra* (from the chair of Peter, *i.e.*, by virtue of his office) to the universal church, he is incapable of error.

The heavens broke open again as the roll call began. A window shattered almost directly over the pontifical throne. As the votes came in—an unbroken succession of *placets* (it pleases)—it became clear that the opposition, once



BISHOP FITZGERALD
Amid the thunder, No.

strong, had melted before the papal presence. Rather than embarrass the Pope, many of the American bishops, who principally feared Protestant reaction in the U.S. to the doctrine of papal infallibility, had gone quietly home. But the Most Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, 36, *episcopus petriculanus*, bishop of Little Rock, Ark., had changed his mind and decided to stay. When his name was called, he answered with a firm *non placet*, thereby assuring himself a footnote in the history of the church.

Few Consequences. Today, one century later, the definition of papal infallibility remains the most memorable accomplishment of the First Vatican Council. Yet, as it turned out, it had less effect at the time than was expected. There were few immediate consequences: Great Britain's Prime Minister William Gladstone grumbled that the Pope was trying to revive "universal monarchy"; Germany's Otto von Bismarck used the dogma as a pretext for his anti-Catholic *Kulturkampf* (struggle for civilization); a group of Cath-

olics in Central Europe formed the schismatic Old Catholic Church partly in rebellion against the doctrine.

Only once in the 100 years since Vatican I has a Pope explicitly invoked the power recognized on that stormy summer day. In 1950, Pope Pius XII defined ex cathedra the dogma of the bodily assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary into heaven. Still, the doctrine of infallibility continues to trouble many Catholics. Among other things, its mere presence lends greater authority to other papal pronouncements not usually defined as infallible, such as Pope Paul VI's controversial encyclical *Humanae vitae*, which reaffirmed strictures against artificial birth control.

As for Arkansas's lonely dissenter, he came home to something of a hero's welcome. Several hundred Arkansans, unwilling to wait for his arrival at Little Rock, rode by wagon and horseback some 45 miles to De Valls Bluff to cheer his return. Later, the bishop received an unexpected dividend from the very declaration he had opposed.* Bismarck's *Kulturkampf* drove many persecuted German Catholics to the New World. Fitzgerald, a hearty, outgoing man who kept his home open to any traveler, managed to attract some of the refugees. There had been only 1,600 Catholics in his diocese when the bishop took office in 1867. At his death 40 years later, his flock numbered 20,000.

Bold Move in Baguio

Ever since Philippine independence in 1946, the Roman Catholic Church has assumed an active role in the social and economic development of Asia's only Catholic nation. In the past three years alone, the Philippine Bishops' Conference has inaugurated more than 2,000 projects, including rural credit unions, farming cooperatives and manpower training programs. This month the hierarchy made its boldest move to date.

From Baguio City, where they met in conference, the islands' 69 bishops denounced widespread corruption and exploitation of the poor. "The failure of government is the failure of every citizen," read the bishops' statement. It went on to detail the governmental sins: "Bribery and extortion . . . illegal traffic in arms and their use to oppress the weak . . . unjust dispossession of farmers . . . the wanton destruction and pillage of homes as a display of force or vendetta . . . the miscarriage of justice through political stratagem."

Anticipating a holier-than-thou response from Manila, the prelates have already decided to mend their own ways. Church assets will be published and clerical opulence cut. Gold crosses and chains will be replaced by plain black cloth sashes, gold rings by bronze ones. So far, the government has kept silent.

* Right after the vote was announced, 533-2, Fitzgerald and a Neapolitan bishop who also voted *non placet* went forward to Pope Pius IX and declared "Now I believe." Absent dissenters sent in their submissions.

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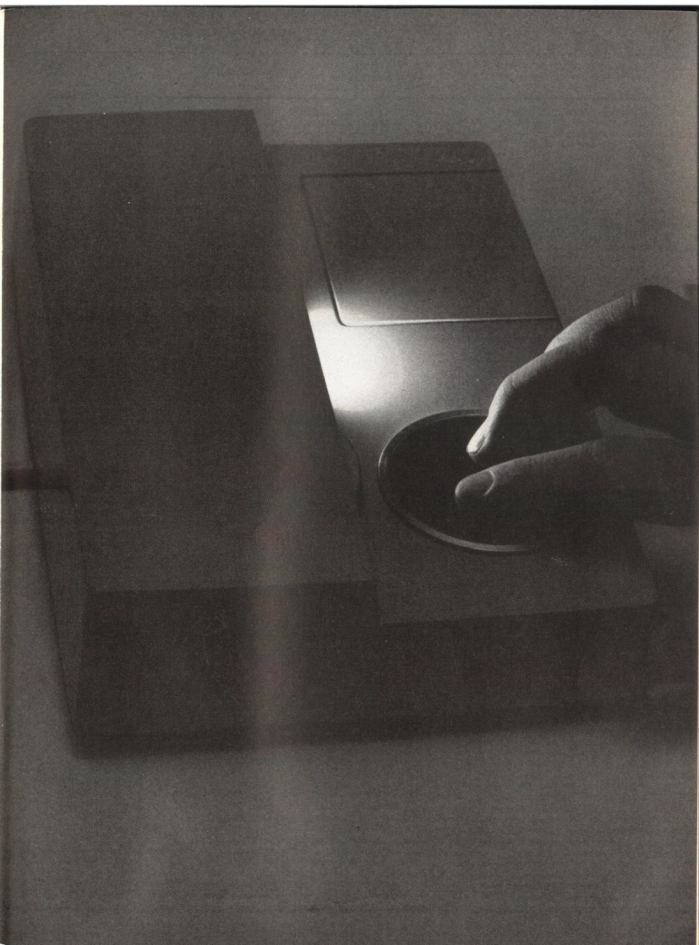
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BUSINESS

The Economy Turns—Toward a Trade War

MIDYEAR 1970 has been a kind of deadline for the Nixon Administration's economic "game plan." If inflationary recession is to give way to a combination of renewed business growth and slower price increases in time to save Republicans from November election troubles, the first signs must begin showing up now. They are doing just that, but the harbingers of a turn have not yet brought any loud cheering. At best, success for the game plan seems likely to be bought at painful cost—in corporate financial distress, in labor turmoil and, worst of all, in the resur-

flation. The nation's most comprehensive price index, the G.N.P. deflator, rose at an adjusted annual rate of 4½% in the second quarter, v. 5½% in the previous three months. Most of the decline reflected technical factors rather than basic change, but at least inflation has not grown worse. The consumer has felt little relief yet, but economists are encouraged by a recent drop in the wholesale price index of sensitive commodities, including eggs and meat. The stock market reflected the new atmosphere as the Dow-Jones industrials rose 35 points, to a week's end close of 735.

The most ominous developments of all took place last week in the secret sessions in the U.S. Capitol's elegant Room H-208 (which has become known to some congressional staffers as "the tiger cage"). As clumps of industry and labor lobbyists waited outside, the House Ways and Means Committee put on a display of protectionist logrolling that would have done credit to the authors of the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act of 1930. What emerged was an inflationary, consumer-be-damned bill that could reverse the whole U.S.-led postwar movement toward freer trade.

Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills, a backslid free trader, shrewdly senses the rise of protectionist sentiment among politically potent forces. The bill, which Mills expects to report out by month's end, would impose mandatory quotas on imports of foreign shoes and synthetic and wool textiles. Furthermore, it would force President Nixon to continue curbing oil imports by a quota system, rather than replace the quotas with a less restrictive tariff. The oil deal was wrapped up in eight minutes. Even that might be only the beginning. An omnibus provision authorizes the President to put quotas on any imported products that take as much as 15% of the U.S. market. If the provision becomes law, it could be used immediately to prevent many Americans from buying imported TV and phonograph sets, sheet glass, ceramic tile and leather gloves.

"Uncle Sucker." The surge of protectionism is a consequence of the nation's economic woes. Inflation has driven up prices of many U.S.-made products, leading manufacturers to clamor for barriers against imports. Rising unemployment has swung the A.F.L.-C.I.O. to the protectionist side; its lobbyists but-tohoned Ways & Means members outside H-208 last week to repeat time-worn restrictionist arguments. Sample from Union Lobbyist Liz Jaeger, who once championed free trade but is now campaigning for shoe quotas: "Shoes are vital for defense. An army has to have shoes to march on, doesn't it?" The A.F.L.-C.I.O. stand weighed heavily in the Ways & Means votes. Says New York Republican Congressman Barber Conable, a free trader: "It is awfully tempting when you can pick up labor votes on an issue like this."

The President is a self-proclaimed free trader, but last month he redeemed an ill-advised 1968 campaign promise by "reluctantly" backing textile quotas to help his Southern supporters. Other industries started calling for relief from import competition. Commerce Secretary Stans complained that the U.S. had become "Uncle Sucker" by lowering trade barriers while other nations



MILLS WITH HARDHAT SUPPORTERS
A great leap backward.

gence of a nationalistic import protectionism that threatens to plunge the world into a trade war.

Price Break. The tone of business news has changed. Last week the Government reported that housing starts rose 11% in June, and industrial production in June dropped less than half as much as in May. More important, after six months of decline, real gross national product steadied in the second quarter. (Real G.N.P. rose at an annual rate of .3%, but the increase was so tiny as to be statistically insignificant.) As Administration officials had hoped, the engineered business downturn seems to have been prevented from skidding into a deep recession by a mix of remedies: higher Social Security payments, Government wage boosts and a Federal Reserve policy of again expanding the nation's money supply.

There are also grounds for optimism that the downturn has at last eased in-

Yet any conclusion that the economy is bound to improve sharply at any time soon would be wildly premature. Many companies are still caught in a tough cash squeeze. The New York Stock Exchange, for example, disclosed last week that ten of its member brokerage firms are being liquidated. A business recovery could also be stopped dead by an auto strike in September. Labor militance has been aggravated by the economic downturn, and wage raises are as inflationary as ever. The Administration had expected just the opposite effect. Last October, a top Government economic planner asserted: "If I were a labor leader, I would not look for those 8% settlements any more." The statement only proved his incapacity to be a labor leader. Union contract settlements in 1970's first quarter averaged exactly 8%, v. 6.7% in the equivalent period last year, and the average undoubtedly rose in the second quarter.

kept them. Administration officials are horrified by the protectionist deluge that those comments provoked and are struggling to contain it.

Their prospects are not bright. House members have introduced 360 bills to impose quotas on imports as varied as mink, zinc, lead, electronics products, honey and strawberries. In the Senate, Indiana Democrat Vance Hartke is likely to press for mandatory quotas on foreign steel, and Western Senators probably will try to make the meat-import quotas still more restrictive. Even the most zealous supporters of free trade in Washington see little possibility of much modification in the bill.

Will President Nixon have the courage to veto the trade act that reaches his desk? His record in fighting for free trade is not impressive. On the other hand, he must realize that a great leap backward to the protectionism of the early 1930s would be disastrous. Two former chairmen of the Council of Economic Advisers, Walter Heller and Raymond Saulnier, last week warned that such regression would be highly inflationary. Competition from inexpensive imports is one of the few forces that have moderated U.S. prices.

If Congress enacts a Christmas-tree bill for protectionists, foreign countries are sure to retaliate against U.S. exports. Ironically, the U.S. surplus of exports over imports rose by \$300 million in the second quarter, to a \$3.8 billion annual rate. Administration officials fear that friendly governments might even be angered enough to begin redeeming for U.S. gold the dollars that they now hold. Such a move could shake the world monetary system because the U.S. does not have anywhere near enough gold to buy back all the dollars that chronic balance of payments deficits have deposited abroad. The economic isolationism and trade wars of 40 years ago prolonged and deepened the world Depression of the 1930s; the post-World War II move toward free trade has been a mighty engine of global prosperity. Abandonment of that progress for the sake of temporary relief for some high-price U.S. industries would be the height of economic folly.

LABOR

Greek Tragedy in Detroit?

There was one happy break with tradition as leaders of the United Auto Workers and the Big Three car makers began separate labor talks last week. Both sides agreed to start serious bargaining immediately, rather than propagandizing until close to the strike deadline. That was the only hopeful sign in an atmosphere as heavy with a sense of menace as the opening of a Greek tragedy. Not since the talks that preceded the record-breaking 1959 steel strike has a major union-management confrontation begun with both sides assuming such an intractable line.

Company and union men take it almost for granted that when contracts expire on Sept. 14, the auto workers will call a strike. The most widely anticipated action is for the union to hit General Motors, its toughest opponent. An alternative forecast is for an initial walk-out against Ford, which seems more willing to compromise, to establish basic money terms of a contract; that would be followed by a shutdown of G.M. in which work rules would be a central issue. Many Detroiters expect the strike—or strikes—to last until Christmas, or later. The union's \$120 million strike fund could carry workers through a ten-week closing of G.M., or a longer one against Ford or Chrysler. The major questions appear to be how much damage will be done to the U.S. economy—which, according to many predictions, will just be starting to turn up around

loss of overtime and reductions in regular working hours cut the average weekly pay of G.M. workers to \$175 in the first quarter, down from \$184.60 last year. On top of that, inflation made each dollar worth less.

U.A.W. President Leonard Woodcock, who succeeded the late Walter Reuther, will settle for no less than an 8% annual pay and benefit boost—for openers. That would match the average increase in U.S. union contracts negotiated in 1970's first quarter. The U.S. wage spiral will not be broken until one major labor leader settles for less than the average, but that leader will quite possibly be tossed out of his job by angry unionists. At G.M., an 8% raise would work out to 46¢ an hour for the first year, raising the company's average labor costs to \$6.22 an hour.

An 8% increase, though, would bare



WOODCOCK GIVING SOUL SALUTE AT ATLANTA PEACE & CIVIL RIGHTS RALLY

A special bitterness.

the strike deadline—and how inflationary the final settlements will be.

Convictions of Righteousness. The auto talks threaten to take on a special bitterness because in 1970, more than ever, both sides are convinced that they are in the right. Industry leaders correctly contend that hourly wage increases in the auto plants have been far outrunning gains in productivity. They sense that this is the year to take the union to the mat and gain more control over labor costs, quality control and discipline on the production lines—even if it takes a long strike. They feel that public worry about inflation and the Nixon Administration's pledge to keep hands off labor disputes will strengthen their position.

Union men argue, equally correctly, that it would take a big wage boost just to repair the damage that inflation and recession have done to their pay envelopes. Despite rising wage rates, the

ly restore the purchasing power that union men had a year ago. Beyond that, Woodcock still wants an additional 26¢ an hour that U.A.W. men already would have got if Reuther had not agreed in 1967 to put a limit of 8¢ an hour on annual cost-of-living increases. The companies have promised to pay the 26¢, but contend that it should be counted as part of a new contract package; Woodcock insists that it be granted separately and that all limits on cost-of-living raises be removed in the new pacts. The 26¢, added to an 8% basic raise, would put the first-year increase in a new contract above 12%, and would cost the automakers well over \$1 billion a year.

In the fringe area, the union battle cry is "30 and out," echoing a proposal that workers be allowed to retire after 30 years' service regardless of age, on monthly pensions of \$500 or more. Other demands include a company-paid

family dental-care program, company-paid auto insurance, year-end cash bonuses for workers, and even a vague call for an end to pollution.

With their profits down, automen hint at some tough demands of their own. G.M. Chairman James Roche has complained vehemently about absenteeism in car plants, wildcat strikes and shoddy quality production. "In the negotiations of 1970," he has said, "unions and management must strive together to achieve regular attendance, eliminate unnecessary work stoppages and cooperate in improving quality."

Because productivity has risen only 9% since 1965 while hourly pay and benefits have climbed 25%, automakers insist that sometimes they can make a satisfactory profit only by shifting operations overseas. Ford and Chrysler will manufacture engines and transmissions in Europe for their new small cars, then import the parts to be fitted into U.S.-assembled cars. All parts for G.M.'s minicar, the Vega, will be made at home, but company officials plan to have the Vega assembled partly by robots in place of union workers. The robots, called Unimates, are one-armed, computer-controlled machines that G.M. will program to do welding. G.M. executives think that a Vega assembled entirely by humans would cost too much to compete successfully against imported cars, which have won 13% of the U.S. market so far this year.

Two New Men. A complicating factor in the auto negotiations is that they will be headed on both the U.A.W. and G.M. sides by men new to their jobs. Woodcock, 59, is a quiet intellectual. He sometimes speaks so softly that he can barely be heard, and he spends much of his free time listening to classical music. He is under intense pressure from an unruly rank and file to hold out for a fat settlement. Discussing the problem of absenteeism, he once admitted that the union's younger members "just do not respond to the threat of discipline." Every move he makes will be compared with what U.A.W. members think Reuther would have done, and Reuther had a reputation for squeezing out the last possible penny in bargaining. Woodcock's chief bargaining adversary, G.M. Vice President Earl R. Bramblett, also 59, has worked for the company for 41 years but took over the role as principal negotiator only three months ago.

That the industry and union could become locked into such seemingly intransigent positions is melancholy testimony that unchecked inflation, no less than recession, breeds sharp social conflict. The bargainers could surely use a U.S. presidential definition of where the national interest lies. Without it, they seem to be drifting into a battle that will be decided by brute force. In the present climate of social turmoil, that sort of clash between two of the nation's mightiest economic institutions is about the last thing the U.S. needs.

The Tales of Three Losers

"The faster they rise, the harder they fall." During these days of monetary stringency, that new version of the ancient saying might well apply to many entrepreneurs who have pursued the goal of growth. Those who overreached have been caught short by the Administration's tight-money policies. Last week three empire builders lost in varying ways:

New Pilot at LTV

In the midst of financial crisis, top executives are often forced to walk the plank. Stuart T. Saunders was ousted as boss of Penn Central, Bernard Cornfeld was pushed out of his I.O.S. mutual-fund complex. The latest to go is James J. Ling, who built Ling-Temco-Vought into a conglomerate with sales last year of \$3.75 billion.

Two months ago, bankers for the impetuous company demanded that Ling be dumped as chairman and chief executive. In a face-saving gesture, he

replaced him as chief executive, also quit. Stewart had plainly been an interim choice though it was not anticipated he would step down so soon. His departure was hastened when the board of the First National Bank in Dallas, of which he is chairman, became nervous that his association with troubled LTV could damage the bank. During his short tenure, Stewart managed to repay \$35 million of LTV's \$110 million short-term debt and renew all of its subsidiaries' lines of bank credit. To accomplish that, he had to assure LTV's bankers that Ling was no longer in control of the company. Last week the company made an \$11 million interest payment on its 5% debentures. Part of the money was cash on hand, but part was generated by reclassifying a block of stock of LTV Aerospace, a subsidiary, into a dividend-paying issue and then declaring a dividend to the parent company.

Sick Subsidiary. The leadership of LTV has passed from financial entrepreneurs to a shirt-sleeved production man. Paul Thayer, 50, was named president, chairman and chief executive. A chain-smoking former chief test pilot for Chance Vought Corp. who came along when that company was acquired by Ling in 1961, Thayer helped design LTV's A-7A attack plane. He became president of LTV Aerospace in 1965. Under Thayer, sales climbed from \$195 million to last year's \$714 million; more important, profits increased from \$3.6 million to \$28.7 million. Zealously profit-conscious, Thayer recently has been firing about 75 workers every two weeks as Government contracts expired.

Thayer was in Pittsburgh recently studying Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp., the sixth largest U.S. steelmaker and LTV's biggest and sickest subsidiary. It is the key to LTV's chances for survival. A combination of high-cost old plants, start-up expenses at a new mill and labor problems produced nearly a \$1,000,000 loss and a dividend omission at J. & L. in the first quarter; the second quarter is expected to show similar results. Early last month, Jim Ling personally promised the United Steelworkers local in Pittsburgh that there would be no major plant closings, layoffs or cutbacks as long as he was in control. Ling also made a deal with the Justice Department trustbusters that in order to hold onto J. & L., he would sell off Braniff Airways and Okonite Co. within three years. Thayer is not bound by Ling's pledges or plans. There are rumors in Dallas—which company officers do not explicitly deny—that the new management may sell J. & L. rather than Braniff and Okonite.



LING, WITH WIFE'S PORTRAIT
Walking the plank.

was permitted to remain as president. Now, after unsuccessfully maneuvering to regain power, Ling has agreed to step down to vice chairman, and he admits "I am no longer to be an active participant in the management of the company." Ling still owns \$6,000,000 worth of LTV stock, but all of it is pledged to banks against loans. His \$2.5 million house, a smaller Versailles set in Dallas, is reportedly for sale.

Making Waves in Acapulco. Troy V. Post, the Dallas insurance millionaire and longtime patron of Ling's, also resigned as vice chairman and chairman of the executive committee in order to devote more time to his investments. Besides his LTV holdings, Post is worried about an Acapulco resort project, which Cornfeld's I.O.S. reportedly backed out of financing.

Robert H. Stewart III, who had pressed for Ling's removal in May and



MANAGER McDEVITT
From growth to anemia.

Wrong Foot Forward

Bustling young Charles F. McDewitt became president of the staid old A.S. Beck Shoe Corp. in 1968, and Wall Street reacted euphorically. When McDewitt renamed the company Beck Industries and unfolded his plans to diversify, the stock soared. But Beck, which now has well over 500 stores, swallowed more than it could digest. From the 1968 high to early this month, the shares plunged 90% (after adjusting for stock dividends). Then, to avoid further falls, Beck managers asked the American Stock Exchange to suspend trading in the stock while they talked with bankers alarmed by swelling debts and shrinking profits.

Last week, after days of acrimonious meetings at Manhattan headquarters, the

38-year-old McDewitt resigned under fire. The man who brought him down—and replaced him—was the man who had brought him into Beck, Newton Glekel, 55, Beck's chairman.

In 1967 Glekel sold Divco-Wayne, a manufacturer of mobile homes, to Boise Cascade Corp. Among the Boise Cascade officers whom he met was "Chuck" McDewitt, the secretary and general counsel. Glekel lured him to Beck with a five-year contract at \$80,000 a year, plus bonuses and stock options. With boundless verve, McDewitt started to buy companies, aiming to turn Beck into a diversified concern. Last year he acquired 19 companies in furniture, men's and women's wear and discount retailing. Beck's sales rose 59% in 1969, to \$198.5 million; profits went up 24%, to \$5.6 million. In his haste to diversify, however, McDewitt had paid too much for some companies and examined others too cursorily. Glekel is now trying to sell Disco Fair, a group of discount stories which are a heavy drain on cash. Some other divisions may soon go on the block.

The crunch started this spring. Beck was forced by lack of buyers to withdraw a convertible-debenture issue that would have brought it \$15 million in badly needed long-term money. As of last week Beck still owed the banks \$29 million, and notes are coming due every month. Glekel is trying to keep the company afloat, largely by persuading creditors to be patient. Beck's sorry experience should at least warn other aggressive managers that uncontrolled growth can lead to financial anemia.

Kerkorian's Cold Streak

When he was young, Kirk Kerkorian was a high roller on the Las Vegas craps tables. Then he switched to another game: parlaying a dealership in renovated DC-3s into a profitable charter airline. Two and a half years ago, at the age of 50, he became a financial operator of national stature. In a series of bold maneuvers, Kerkorian:

- Sold his Trans International Airlines, a nonscheduled carrier, to Transamerica Corp. and then sold his Transamerica stock for \$104 million.

- Bought control of Western Air Lines for \$67.5 million.

- Bought control of MGM, the ailing movie and television company, for \$70 million.

- Bought his way into the Las Vegas hotel and casino business in a big way. First, he purchased the Flamingo, and then he started to build the International. Next, he sold to the public the stock in the company that owned these casino-hotels, International Leisure Corp.

Then his luck began to turn. As the stock market slid and money became scarcer and costlier, Kerkorian showed increasing signs of strain. To pay for some of his ventures, he had borrowed \$72 million in Europe and agreed to put up as collateral stock with a market value of 140% of the loans. Every

time the value of his holdings shrank, Kerkorian was compelled to deposit more shares with the banks. He still owes banks in England and Germany about \$62 million. The value of his holdings in International Leisure, MGM and Western has shrunk from a high of half a billion dollars in 1969 to \$79 million last week—a paper loss of some \$400 million.

Slump in Las Vegas. To raise cash, Kerkorian has been trying to sell International Leisure Corp. and its hotels, which are his only profitable ventures. Last week he made a sale to Hilton Hotels Corp.—at fire-sale prices. Hilton will buy 44% of International's stock from Kerkorian at \$6.08 a share. At that price, Kerkorian stands to collect only \$17.7 million. Last year the 2.9 million shares that he is selling were worth \$193 million.

In a complex deal, Hilton agreed to pay an extra premium if International



TRADER KERKORIAN
There is always another game.

Leisure's 1970 net earnings, multiplied by eight, come to more than \$6.08 a share. But Las Vegas is feeling the recession. There are almost as many visitors as usual, but they are spending less, and the International and Flamingo casinos are often busy mainly with penny-ante gamblers. Las Vegas hotelmen are so worried that they have called a meeting this week to discuss emergency plans for grandiose promotions designed to lure more tourists.

Kerkorian, the quiet, taciturn son of an Armenian immigrant, admits that he did not see the recession coming. He does not believe in economic forecasting: "If economists were any good at business, they would be rich men instead of advisers to rich men." Kerkorian's view of business: "Sometimes you lose, but that's the nature of the game. There's always another game and another chance to win."



INDUSTRIALIST GLEKEL
A plea for patience.

They've come back from 1994 to tell you what to expect.

While most of us worry about that problem coming up in 24 hours, this group is thinking about what's coming up for the whole world in 24 years.

They work for our policyholder, Stanford Research Institute, Menlo Park, California. You walk through the Institute and see everything from mock-up "floating" rapid transit models to robots to chemicals bubbling in laboratories. Men in white coats work on

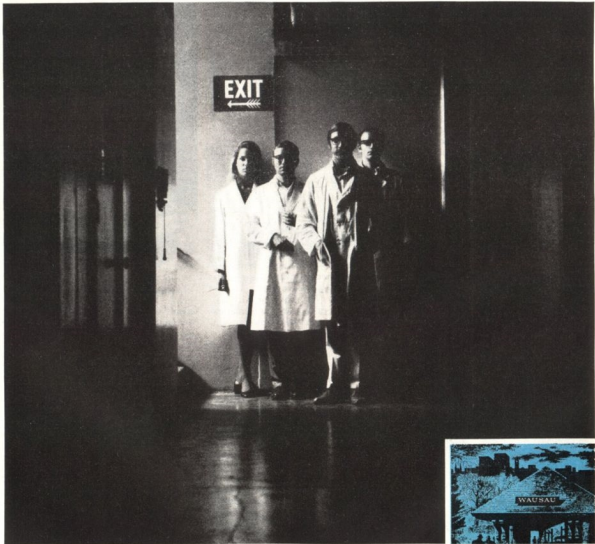
our earth's problems before we even know they're problems. The secretary making a pot of coffee is the only reminder that it's still 1970.

Very often SRI delivers what it calls "alternative futures". This means that, for example, if you are a city government with deep troubles, SRI points out a choice of actions. They can show you the outcome depending on which way you move. The future really is up to all of

us with advance thinking like this.

Much in the way that SRI shows these alternative paths, Employers Insurance of Wausau helps policyholders control business insurance costs. So we are especially pleased that SRI has selected us for their workmen's compensation and other business coverages. We can help solve some of their problems while they're at work on everybody's.

That's the Wausau Story.



Employers Insurance of Wausau

ADVERTISING

The *Mea Culpa* Campaign

The neat middle-aged executive peers out from the television screen. "Hello," he says, his face crinkling into a sheepish grin. "I'm from General Telephone." Boos and hisses explode off-camera. "Now, I'm aware that General Telephone provides less than adequate service," Plop. A rotten tomato slides down his chin. "But we're spending \$200 million in California this year on improving our service." He is hit with an egg. "Cables, switches, personnel, everything." A cream pie splatters over his face. "Thank you for your patience," he mumbles through the goo.

In another commercial, a woman at a crowded cocktail party asks her hus-



GENERAL TELEPHONE COMMERCIAL
Mumbling through the goo.

band to say something funny. "General Telephone," he replies, and everyone falls into paroxysms of laughter. The punch line: "We know some people think our service is laughable, but we're spending \$200 million in California this year to improve it. What's so funny about that?"

These vignettes have appeared on Los Angeles television as part of a zany *mea culpa* advertising campaign for General Telephone of California. By tacitly conceding the company's mistakes, the admen hope that the campaign will win sympathy and understanding among the system's many disgruntled users. The firm, largest of General Telephone & Electronics' more than 30 telephone subsidiaries, has 1,400,000 customers in Los Angeles, the San Fernando Valley and other areas of Southern California. It is the company that residents love to hate. Public phones are often out of order, private phone bells ring for no reason, strange buzzes come through receivers, conversations are abruptly dis-

connected, and the slightest delay in paying the bill brings harsh dunning.

Obscene Calls. Company officers have long been aware of their customers' ire. President W. Parker Sullivan has regularly switched his telephone number to avoid complaints. To regain its users' confidence, Sullivan decided that it was time to advertise his firm's efforts at improvement. Another consideration: in May, the company applied to the state's Public Utilities Commission for a 40% rate increase, which would increase gross revenues by \$66 million a year.

The advertising campaign was created by Doyle Dane Bernbach Inc., and the admen were under no illusions about the difficulty of their job. "There are a lot of obscene phone calls in Los Angeles," says Ted Factor, Doyle Dane's West Coast supervisor, "and most of them are applied to General Telephone." One idea that was raised and scrapped: sweatshirts emblazoned with "General Telephone is better than no telephone at all."

The final success of the campaign will depend on how the promises match the performance. The ads imply that better service is imminent. Yet much of the money being spent by the system is not for improving existing service; it is to meet the needs of increased demand. Only Palm Springs, for example, has pushbutton dialing, and advanced electronic switching systems will not be in operation until 1973. Until these and other improvements are made, the company and its customers are likely to remain disconnected.

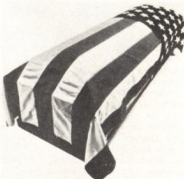
Madison Avenue Against the War

Advertising, which has taken on many new social and political roles in recent years, is now being used to oppose the war in Indochina. In a precedent-setting move, 24 U.S. Senators have bought TV time to support a congressional amendment calling for a scheduled and complete withdrawal of U.S. forces from Viet Nam by June 1971. Led by South Dakota Democrat George McGovern and Oregon Republican Mark Hatfield, they have arranged for a three-week campaign on local television stations in 43 cities. Their aim: to generate public pressure for passage of the amendment when it comes up for a vote later next month. Whatever the result, the notion of using commercials to sell political or social viewpoints could open a new outlet for advocates and a fresh source of income for television.

One ad shows a group of boys playing soldier in a field while an unseen announcer reminds viewers that many troops dying in Viet Nam were only twelve years old when the U.S. first became deeply involved in the war. If a more determined drive for peace is not made now, he warns, the children seen on the screen could some day be fighting a real war. Another commercial has an Idaho woman recounting the

hardships brought on her family by war-stoked inflation. A series of print ads is also being mailed free to antiwar groups, which pay for their publication in local newspapers. A flag-draped coffin is depicted in one ad with the headline, "IT'S TOO HEAVY FOR ONE MAN TO CARRY." The message: Congress must work more actively with the President to end the war.

The seven commercials and eleven print ads were created voluntarily by members of "Advertising People Against the War." The group, which was formed after President Nixon sent American troops into Cambodia, quickly offered its resources to the Senators. More than 100 admen joined the organization, including Agency Chiefs Carl Ally, William Bernbach, Laurence Dunst, George



It's too heavy for one man to carry.

For more information on the "Advertising People Against the War" campaign, contact: Carl Ally, Agency Chiefs, 100 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017; William Bernbach, Bernbach & Partners, 100 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017; Laurence Dunst, Dunst & Associates, 100 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017; George Lois, Lois & Lord, 100 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017; Mark Hatfield, Hatfield & Associates, 100 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017; George McGovern, McGovern & Associates, 100 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

AD SELLING PEACE Cambodia made it necessary.

Lois and Richard Lord. Top talent worked nights and weekends to produce the ads. Agencies supplied all the materials free, down to the film itself. The \$250,000 needed to broadcast the messages came from donations received by McGovern, Hatfield and other Senators after their appearance on NBC last May to seek support in ending the war. Since then the networks have repeatedly refused to sell the Senators additional time for similar programs, contending that their views were well covered in regular news programs. Rebuffed, the Senators turned to advertising on local stations.

"A great myth has been successfully fostered in this country," says Robert Colodzin, head of the advertising group. "It is that only some Eastern radicals and long-haired kids are against the war. We had to make opposition to the war respectable." Why did the admen, many of whom have long opposed the war, wait so long to act? Says Colodzin: "Cambodia made it necessary."

CINEMA

Jonah in a Hard Hat

"The niggers," sneers Joe Curran. His beer belly enfolds the bar, and his close-set black eyes burn bright with contempt. "The niggers are getting all the money. So why work? Welfare! They even give them free rubbers . . . You think they use them? Hell, no. They sell them and use the money for booze. All them social workers are nigger lovers. And the white kids, they're acting like niggers. They got no respect for the President of the United States. A few heads get bashed and the liberals behave like Eleanor Roosevelt got raped. The liberals. Forty-two per cent of the liberals are queer—and that's a fact. Some Wallace people took a poll."

Joe Curran is the ultimate hardhat: outraged, terrified, violent and more than a little envious, lashing out blindly at threatening forces that he only dimly comprehends. His furrowed brow puckers when he hears his son has bought a motorcycle; his jowls tremble with rage when his wife breaks the news that a "colored" family has moved into his lily-white Queens neighborhood. His basement is fearfully stocked with World War II weaponry. His hatred is so raw, his ideas so primitive and naive, that he often radiates a genuinely amusing innocence. For all its funny moments, however, *Joe* is anything but comedy. It is a film of Freudian anguish, biblical savagery and immense social and cinematic importance.

Fear and Frustration. Bill Compton (Dennis Patrick) is a \$60,000-a-year Manhattan advertising executive whose young daughter (Susan Sarandon) has run off to live with an East Village junkie. She is not there when her father goes to her apartment, but he gets into an argument with her boy friend and inadvertently beats him to death. He stag-

gers into a local bar where Joe (Peter Boyle), a \$160-a-week welder, is holding forth. When Joe finally screams, "I'd like to kill one of them!", Compton looks up and whispers, "I just did." Joe later realizes that Compton was serious. He looks him up—not to blackmail him but to idolize him. "There's plenty of people," says Joe, "who would make you a hero."

Joe becomes Compton's Jonah. They form a curious but substantial relationship, a fraternity based on fear and frustration. Joe takes Compton to a bowling alley, and Compton shows Joe the fashionable Ginger Man, passing Joe off as a top-drawer adman. Slowly, Compton's harmless, homogenized ideas and civilized manners give way before the barbaric force of Joe's fury. "Sometimes when I'm with Joe," Compton tells his wife, "I feel almost as if I'd performed a humanitarian act."

Together they comb the East Village for Compton's daughter and end up wallowing in a smoky pad with a group of hippies. Joe looks at the welter of nude flesh in wonder. "This is an orgy, ain't it?" he asks (pronouncing "orgy" with a hard g). But the kids taunt them mercilessly, steal their wallets and take off for a commune. Joe and Bill track down the youngsters in a closing scene of such horror that *Joe* must surely rank in impact with *Bonnie and Clyde*.

Harsh Power. Technically *Joe* is not on a par with *Bonnie*. Norman Wexler has written a tough, sure script, but the cast offers only one first-rate actor, Peter Boyle. The others are not much more than typecast foils for Joe's brutality, and when Director John Avildsen allows his camera to linger on them too long they tend to deteriorate into caricature. Even Joe is sometimes overdrawn: he does not need to burp every time he takes a swig of beer. But Avildsen maintains a generally crisp pace, and Boyle more than compensates for the inadequacies around him. He obviously has studied early Marlon Brando movies with laudable results: he performs with as much harsh power as the young Brando ever did, and he is funnier than Brando could ever hope to be.

Beyond Boyle's superb performance, the most striking aspect of *Joe* is the film's essential honesty. Though the characters seem stereotypical, they are nonetheless real. *Joe* is no stock cops-vs.-flower-children exploitive enterprise. Compton's daughter is not a free spirit but a trapped head with an Electra complex. Her boy friend is a cruel, indifferent junkie who peddles pills to teeny-boppers.

One of the film's more bitter ironies is that Compton might have avoided ultimate tragedy by merely surrendering and standing trial. A lot of Joes sit in jury boxes these days.

■ Mark Goodman



ANDREWS IN "LILI"

Only Linus and Lucy are missing.

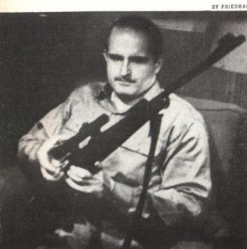
Quarter Chance

To his growing list of endangered species, Walter Hickey should now add the American movie star (*Astra americana*). Take Julie Andrews—a feat that many people now claim is hard to do. In the '50s, she was *My Fair Lady*, a patch of sunlight on the American stage. In the '60s, she starred in the most successful film of all time, *The Sound of Music*. Ah, but then . . . sprinkled with Disney dust in *Mary Poppins*, way back in 1964 she began to turn into a pillar of sugar. Her marriage came apart, her "big" movie, *Star*, was the H-bomb of musicals, and she became the girl that Hollywood gossipists loved to hate.

A pity. Beyond the cyclamatic publicity and the pain of her private life, Andrews, 34, is one of the last of the great English music-hallmarks. She can sing effortlessly, make a mug or a *moue* with equal facility, throw away a line and reel it back in with the best—when she is given half a chance. Her latest, *Darling Lili*, is only a quarter of a chance.

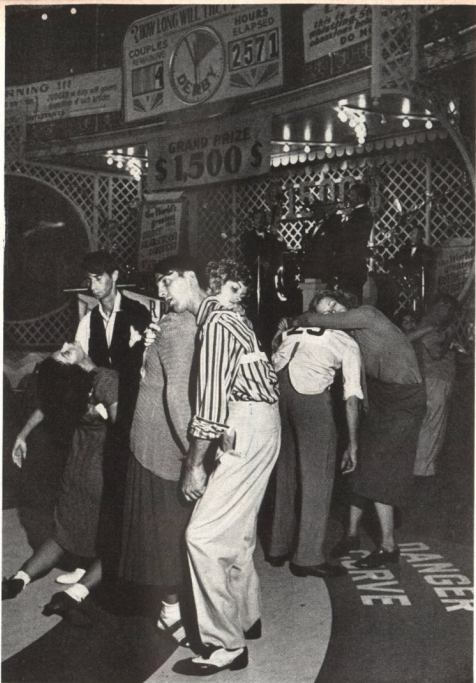
At the height of World War I, air aces dogfight across European skies. In a startling revelation, the Red Baron's nemesis is shown to be a Major Larabee (Rock Hudson), not Charles Schulz's Snoopy. No need to worry. Hudson's canine grin and acting prowess render him a close second to the viable puppy. All that is missing is Linus, Lucy, Schroeder & Co. Standing in for them is a series of second-banana comedians. Among them: a down-at-the-heels German agent, a couple of *farceurs* from the French intelligence, and a pip-pip righty-o Englishman.

Andrews blends the nostalgia of *Keep the Home Fires Burning* and *It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary* with some creaky new Johnny Mercer-Henry Mancini numbers. The performance is enough to restore the star—but not her film. Director Blake Edwards (Julie's new husband) seems to believe that if a



BOYLE IN "JOE"

Freudian anguish and biblical savagery.



Now, what were you saying about today's wild kids?

Kids don't change. But the times sure do.

And when they do, people's needs change right along with them.

Forty years ago their needs for food, shelter and clothing were a long way from today's frozen dinners, glass houses and body stockings.

And companies that didn't recognize what was happening have been limited in their success.

Even insurance has changed. A lot.

Policies to pay your salary when you're laid up, insure you against air disaster, or even against some dread disease were all just fantasies.

CNA/insurance helped make them realities.

We feel insurance should be there when needs arise.

Tomorrow, for example, might call for space travel policies. Or for something completely unforeseeable. But whatever it is, CNA/insurance plans to lead the way again.

We know insurance is the basis of all sound financial planning. And sound financial planning is what the member companies of CNA Financial Corporation are all about.

From insurance for newborn Americans to nursing care for the aged. From nuclear leasing to new homes to car loans.

We make money work.

CNA FINANCIAL CORPORATION

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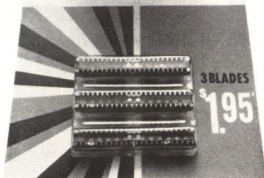
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SPERRY RAND®

man falling off a roof is funny, then two men falling should be hilarious. After 136 minutes, *Darling Lili's* gags and garrulity make it as aseptic, smooth and foursquare as an ice cube.

Still, despite its G-rated upbeatness, *Darling Lili* leaves an ineradicable aura of melancholia. A major talent is still setting for that vanilla species, the common, overproduced, underinspired feature (*Cinema vulgaris*).

■ Stefan Kanfer

Beyond and Below

The Hollywood studio system operates like a game of big-stakes roulette. You miss a few, win big on one number and then, as often as not, play it again to disastrous results. Two sequels to successful 20th Century-Fox films demonstrate that from an aesthetic standpoint the whole thing is a sucker's game.

Beyond the Valley of the Dolls carries a vehement prologue stating that it is not actually a sequel to the original; indeed, the film makers have used the salable title merely as a point of departure for their own individualistic assault on good taste. The plot defies both credulity and synopsis, but has generally to do with the adventures of an all-girl rock trio called the Carrie Nations as they slither from one bed to another on the road to fame in Hollywood. The direction by Skin Flick Impresario Russ Meyer (*TIME*, June 13, 1969) is full of sexual innuendo of the kind that might impress a lickerish Boy Scout. The script, by Chicago Film Critic Roger Ebert, will surely tickle those who prefer their dialogue with comic-book balloons around it. The movie is just a lark—a big camp, don't you see—but many people may not see, and those who do will probably not care.

Beneath the Planet of the Apes finds Astronaut James Franciscus searching frantically for Charlton Heston, who, it may be recalled, got hung up in a time warp in the original. Franciscus and Heston's girl friend (Linda Harrison) escape from the same simian world where humans are treated as lower animals and stumble onto an underground civilization of humanoid atom-bomb freaks. These thermonuclear trippers are about to launch civilization's last A-bomb against their ape rivals. Worse, they have Charlton Heston stashed in a cage so he cannot thwart their plan. Franciscus and Heston try to fight their way out, but alas, fate and the script-writers conspire against them.

Incredibly, both films appear to be doing a brisk business at the box office, thereby presenting the possibility of still more sequels. Perhaps in the next installment, both formulas could be combined. The *Carrie Nations*, for example, could tumble through the time warp. Or some of the apes could show up in Hollywood, where executive positions await them at 20th Century-Fox.

■ Jay Cocks



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BOOKS

The Church-as-She

DIVINE DISOBEDIENCE: PROFILES IN CATHOLIC RADICALISM by Francine du Plessix Gray. 322 pages. Knopf. \$6.95.

For many American Roman Catholics over 30, religious faith is both a disturbed and disturbing reality of their lives. The Holy Mother Church of their childhood has become a rather wayward lady who has cast off her Latin, fish days, and half the saints on her calendar. Even bishops have reopened discussion on doctrines that were recently thought to be as unassailable as the existence of God. For some, Pope John's revolution and the Second Vatican Council have seemed nothing short of a betrayal. For others, including Francine du Plessix Gray, 39, the new, questing spirit of Catholicism became an uncomfortable problem after private doubts had driven them away from a religion they thought to be irrelevant and outmoded.

Francine is back in the church now, inspired partly by a number of quixotic and unorthodox experiments in social radicalism that have challenged the conservative premises of institutional Catholicism. Her own return began one day in 1967, when she found that her sons' religion class was discussing the inner meaning of the Apostles' Creed rather than the Q. and A. textbook answers of the *Baltimore Catechism* on which she had been raised. Listening to her children, Francine decided that they were learning nothing she could not accept. She then learned of a new tribe of radical Catholics: priests, nuns and laymen who were challenging both civil and ecclesiastical law in the name of a higher commitment to God. *Divine Disobedience* is a detailed, empathetic account of three focal points of this new Christianity. It is couched in the measured prose of *The New Yorker*, where most of the book first appeared. It is also—although the thought is never explicitly stated—the record of one person's rediscovery of her church.

Divine Disobedience is divided into three long sections. The first, and sketchiest, is an account of the communal lifestyle of East Harlem's Emmaus House, a prototype for countless so-called "underground churches." When Francine began her project, Emmaus House was a hotbed of zealous ecumenians bent on building a new kind of parish with home rule and spontaneous liturgies. The community has become considerably more secular since then, and is evolving into a center for nonviolence.

There is material more to the author's liking in the chapter on the new Catholicism of Cuernavaca, particularly as personified in Ivan Illich, the impresario of the Center for Intercultural Documentation (CIDOC). A dispossessed Dalmatian nobleman with a brilliant and unlikely career in the arch-

diocese of New York behind him, Illich set up the school to "de-Yankee" the building-fund-oriented American priests who were unprepared to serve in trackless poverty zones of Latin America. His radical ideas, particularly about education, alarmed the Vatican enough to cut off the flow of priest-students; finally, after a farcical latter-day inquisition, Illich felt forced to turn in his monsignor's biretta.

37 Arms. A restless genius, Illich runs a quasi-theological seminary that trains workers for the Latin American poor and attracts an increasingly large flock of the sort of youthful idealists who want to join VISTA or the Peace Corps. He likes



GRAY

EDWARD F. FISK—THE NEW YORK TIMES



ILICH

Record of rediscovery.

to say that there are really two churches: "The 'Church-as-She' is the net, the pearl, the mystery, the kingdom among us. The 'Church-as-It' is the institution, the temporary incarnational form."

It may be many years before Illich's contribution either to his church or to society can be assessed, but in the case of the noted draft-card burners, Daniel and Philip Berrigan (*TIME*, May 4), there can be little doubt. The Pied Pipers of Syracuse, as the author calls them, have radicalized thousands of Americans from priests to nonbelievers into joining their passionate crusade against the Viet Nam War. The Berrigan section is the best in the book, perhaps because the author is also an ardent pacifist. Another reason is that the author's ear for speech is more like a playwright's than an essayist's, and she took special care never to confuse the two men's voices. Dan's was much the harder to get down. "It resembled a

Hindu goddess with 37 arms," she recalls, "rich, circular and diffuse."

The inherently fascinating character of the subjects accounts for part but not all of the book's appeal. It may be that Francine Gray is a bit of a Pied Piper too. Although she notes that the Berrigans have developed a streak of arrogance during the course of their martyrdom, she sees the men she writes about as heroes—a breed that flaunts its fortitude at the rest of humanity. They form a kind of natural aristocracy with which she identifies. At times, she identifies a bit too obviously. Illich is repeatedly referred to as tall, aquiline, elegant and witty. Describing a rally for the Catonsville Nine, she writes, "The priests were young, beautiful, and terrifying." By contrast, she barely accords humanity to the



BERRIGAN BROTHERS

Catonsville jurors, "whose pale and flabby faces, in the afternoon light, seemed made of unrisen dough."

Strip Poker. Mrs. Gray would surely agree that her book reflects a deep identification with heroism, if not with aristocracy. It springs from a love for her father, who was shot while serving with the French Resistance in 1941. Francine and her mother came to America that year. While at Barnard she spent a summer at North Carolina's now defunct Black Mountain College. "I danced with Merce Cunningham, played strip poker with John Cage," she recalls. In art class she produced academic drawings that Teacher Robert Motherwell loathed. The writing course was worse: after reading her stories, Poet Charles Olson was moved to yell "Don't write at all!"

For years Francine did not know just what she could write. She filled in the time by marrying Painter Cleve

Gray and doing pieces for *Vogue* like "The Well-Kept Foot." A far cry from *Divine Disobedience*, perhaps, but her credentials were at least authentic: she is a beautiful woman whose delicate bone structure precludes bad feet. Reminiscences about her family, published in *The New Yorker*, helped her to find the right milieu.

Her religious life has not been as smooth. Many of the priests who first inspired her have left the clergy. Her Connecticut parish is radically right wing, but she feels that the blind faith of Ivan Illich will see her through. "When I sit there listening to a sermon claiming that Mary strung the first rosary beads herself and handed them personally to St. Dominic, I keep repeating to myself: 'The Church-as-She, the Church-as-She, the Church-as-She.'"

■ Martha Duffy

MICHAEL ALEXANDER—LIFE



JANE HOWARD AT ESALEN
Qualified recommendation.

Gropeshrink

PLEASE TOUCH by Jane Howard. 271 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$6.95.

The Human Potential Movement is a loose chain of several hundred psychological supermarkets in which a customer can buy almost anything his little hurt desires: Sensitivity Training, Interracial Encounters, Creative Divorce Workshops, Heterosexual Body Sandwiches, Nude Psychodrama, Attack Therapy, Vomit Training. The movement is already something of a force, and many psychologists would agree with Dr. Carl Rogers, one of its leading prophets, that "intensive group experiences are perhaps the most significant social invention of this century." H.P.M. is growing so fast, moreover, that the professionals can't police it and the public can't really tell if it is being turned on or put on. What the movement obviously needs is some tough but friendly critics. In *Please Touch* it has found one—a casual amateur who turns out to be surprisingly shrewd and delightfully witty.

In this first-person account of gropeshrink,

Jane Howard presents herself frankly as a rather too prim Midwestern miss who became a busy New York bachelor-girl reporter and found herself starved for what the movement promised to provide: emotional closeness. Assigned by LIFE to do a piece on Esalen Institute, a sort of Harvard of the emotions, she got so involved in the movement that she decided to do the whole sensitivity circuit. The result is *Please Touch*.

Touch and Tell. In the first groups she entered, Jane felt dismissed as an "uptight Easterner" and got off some bitchy backchat: "You don't interest me as much as I seem to interest you." Loosening a little, she began to make Freudian howlers that commonly afflict the beginner in therapy—as when, pretending to be a mailbox, she blithely announced: "I'm hoping for a lot of good long letters." But soon her antennae told her that she was not the only one out of step. All was not well in the land of touch and tell.

The professionals, she found, were a ludicrously earnest lot. "I come across as a human being," one of them soberly assured her. Their jargon was tiresome—they were always "resonating," "actualizing," "peaking," or having "gut reactions"—and their cult of the body seemed prejudicial to a girl who had always been more at home in her head.

The movement, she found, was also infected with "glib touchers," "sensual pedants" and "sensitivity heads," people who pretended to be growing but were actually addicts who had to have "a maintenance dose of intimacy." Physical contact, she decided, could be a very effective way of avoiding emotional contact. Did Dr. William Schutz, author of *Joy*, really think he was increasing intimacy in a group by issuing each man a gynecological speculum and inviting him to examine his partner's vagina? And what was really in the mind of Paul Bindrim, an advocate of nude marathons, when he spread a young woman's legs wide apart and commanded her to tell Katy all the four-letter functions that take place in that part of her body? Jane reports with some satisfaction the young woman's reply. "I think," she said weakly, "that Katy already knows that."

Fossil Fears. As encounters multiplied and perspective deepened, Jane found herself kicking pillows and hurling finger paint with the worst of them—and feeling, as a result, relieved of some fossil fears. On the whole, she recommends the treatment (at least to those who think they need it), but she also warns that successful therapy, in the Each-One, Touch-One tradition, can be almost more trouble than it's worth. Having learned with some difficulty to relax her lower face and let her mouth hang just a little open, she went to visit her family. "What's the matter with your mouth?" her mother asked sharply. "Can't you breathe through your nose?"

■ Brad Darrack

Heels and Souls

THE SIMULTANEOUS MAN by Ralph Blum. 238 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$5.95.

What would serious writers do without their dualities, their paradoxes of mind and body, the I and Thou all so neatly parsed in the head yet so hopelessly entwined in the heart? What would reviewers do without such items to explain?

In the case of Ralph Blum's *The Simultaneous Man*, most of the items in question fit snugly enough into a compelling plot designed to dissuade the itchy finger of exegesis. The book is at once a superior science-fiction story, a

VALENTIN



RALPH BLUM
Turn of the key.

polished exercise in literary styles and a deeply personal moral statement.

Identity Transplant. For Blum, the dark powers are impenetrable bureaucracies, military cabals and value-neutral scientists on both sides of the ideological curtain. He sees them as threatening to rob men's souls by corrupting their memories and feelings.

Although Blum's indictment is sweeping, his vision is specific. Workers at a Government arsenal experimenting in mind alterations surgically erase one man's memories in order for him to receive those of another. The input source is Andrew ("Bear") Horne, a hulking psychopharmacologist and a survivor of a Chinese brain laundry in North Korea. Significantly, Bear is also the son of a Russian-born mother. The man scheduled to receive Horne's memories is a black enlisted man, sentenced to life in prison for killing an officer.

The identity transplant involves taping and filming scenes from Horne's life and

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then electronically piping them into the head of 233/4, as the receptacle is officially known. Around the shop he is called Black Bear. Before the procedure is completed, however, cautious management decides to cut all of Horne's post-Korean memories from the input. Instead of a research scientist stuffed with secrets, Black Bear is to be made into a minor scholar of Slavic literature, which is Horne's avocation.

Although Horne is in no danger of losing his own memories, he nevertheless takes the directive to revise the experiment as an assault on his identity. He ignores instructions, and is banished from Government service. Shortly thereafter, Black Bear escapes and defects to Russia. Horne is drawn magnetically toward him and, after some uneasiness and a few pleasures, finally confronts Black Bear. What he discovers is the key to the book.

New Mythology. It is a key that the reader should turn for himself. Although interpretations may vary, it seems clear that Blum's puzzling tale has some roots in the basic myths of the twin culture heroes who father new tribes, cities and even heavenly bodies. Romulus and Remus, or Castor and Pollux come first to mind. But in the case of Bear and Black Bear, Blum's biblical symbolism suggests Esau and Jacob. To this are added a dash of psychedelics and some excellent literary effects. In the early pages, the prose has a deadly metallic precision. When Horne goes to Russia, Blum changes his style to a controlled lyricism that quietly points toward a meaning: man can surmount such obscurities as technological soul snatching by confronting his beginnings and forging a new mythology. In Horne's case the transcendence occurs during a return to what is literally his motherland.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Love Story*, Segal (1 last week)
2. *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Fowles (2)
3. *Deliverance*, Dickey (4)
4. *Great Lion of God*, Caldwell (3)
5. *The Crystal Cave*, Stewart (8)
6. *The Secret Woman*, Holt (6)
7. *Bech: A Book*, Updike
8. *Calico Palace*, Bristow (5)
9. *The Lord Won't Mind*, Merrick (7)
10. *Losing Battles*, Welty (9)

NONFICTION

1. *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*, Reuben (1)
2. *Up the Organization*, Townsend (4)
3. *The Sensuous Woman*, "J" (2)
4. *Zelda*, Milford (3)
5. *Ball Four*, Bouton
6. *The Wall Street Jungle*, Noy (6)
7. *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, Masters and Johnson (5)
8. *Hard Times*, Terkel (7)
9. *From Those Wonderful Folks Who Gave You Pearl Harbor*, Della Femina
10. *The New English Bible* (10)

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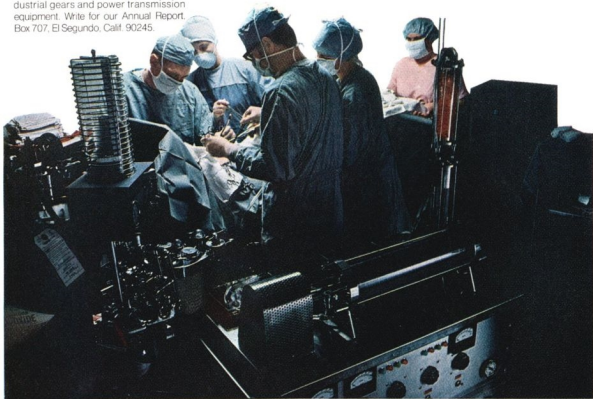
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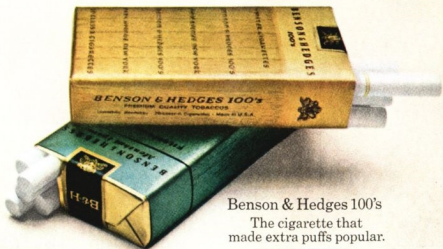


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